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THE GREAT REPUBLIC:

A Poem of the Sun.

BY

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"I saw an angel standing in the sun."

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DEDICATION.

TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEW LIFE,

IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AMERICA.

To God be praise! this happy work is done:
  It spreads towards man the Solar Angel's pinions.
My mind conceived this poem of the sun,
  Long years ago, when all the world's dominions
In clouds of fantasy were veiled; while death
Held empire in man's universal breath.

God's respiration came to us by night.
  One, who our agony in anguish bore,
Divinely human, thrilled our spirit sight,
  And laid His hand upon the bosom's door;

While angels carolled, "Rise, pure life to win;
The King of glory, breathing, would come in!"

We set the lungs against the world's disaster;
  We braced the will against the planet's curse.
In Thy sweet breath, O Love, our Lord and Master,
  We journeyed from the dead old universe;
Caught up from self's whelmed world and flying seas,
In the swift chariot of Thy harmonies.

Brethren, whose bosoms own the fiery breath,
Whereby the Lord Messiah conquers death,
To you the harvest of this blissful song;
Ye, first born of th' innumerable throng
Of tribes and peoples, who shall breathe, and be
Stars, kindled in new heavens of harmony;
And, like the planets in their courses fight,
Through heart-unition with the true and right,
And sanctify the world for Love's delight.

Ye know that path, in martyr-sorrow trod,
  That leadeth from the old world's evil maze;
Ye know the great incoming of your God;
  And that He answers prayer in many ways:

Ye know the years, that were a barren rod,
  May bloom with heavenly flowers and fruits ablaze:
Once ye with misery were clothed and shod;
  Now ye are sphered in blessedness and praise.

To you I come, driving my loaded wain,
Heavy with sheaflets of celestial grain;
    To you, to you, I come.
By you the sacred mystery understood
Since ye are fed on living flesh and blood,
And nourished in the wisdom and the good
    Of God, who is our home!

That Great Republic, whereof this is said,
Is more to you than firmament o'erhead,
    More than a vision far.
The solemn harmonies around you stand;
Ye dwell therein as in God's garden land,
Breathe from His bosom, labour from His hand;—
    Ye His new people are.

Therefore to you I dedicate the strain,
Brought forth in triumph, though ingermed in pain.
    Therefore, with you, I sing,

"To Christ be glory and dominion given,
By all who dwell on earth with spirit shriven,
By all from whom His hands the chains have riven,
By all inheriting new earth, new heaven:
All hail, great Christ, the King!"

PROEM.

THERE is a Great Republic, built aloft
In middle splendour of the Sun's dominions:
Thither, when slumber, with its kisses soft,
Sealed the dim eyes, my spirit plumed its pinions.
Thence I return. Oh, now, breathe fragrance clinging
To my white robes, and listen to my singing.

If thou, perchance, dost weep, all broken hearted,
'Midst the crushed grapes of Freedom's trampled vine;
Or grieve that Faith, from human souls departed,
Mourns the rent arch and desecrated shrine;
The Muse cries, "Joy, oh joy!" in accents ringing
With love-fraught tones; then listen to my singing.

If thou hast trod in crypts, where old Tradition
Carves talismans and amulets of bones;
If thou hast vainly fought the red Perdition,
That slays the peoples from its hundred thrones;

If thou art cursed by man, cursed for the bringing
Of truth and love; then listen to my singing.

If thou hast hope, e'en now, that man, victorious
O'er tyranny and infamy, shall be
Himself a temple of that Life all-glorious
Who smiles through earth, and gives eternity;
Or seest the beautiful Ideal, winging
Her flight below; then listen to my singing.

Art thou enamoured of this bounteous Nature,
That weaves sweet sounds and odours everywhere;
Feeding, from purest bosom, each glad creature
Of teeming earth and universal air;
Still smiling on, where death its pall is flinging,
To veil decay? then listen to my singing.

If thou art flushed with Love's immortal passion;
If thou art yearning for its bliss divine;
Ay, if thy scattered locks with age are ashen,
And slow thy pulses in the dim decline;
Once more, inhale the fragrance that is clinging
To my white robes; and listen to my singing.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

The Genius of the Sun. Wakening amidst the solar nations. Contrast between this and wakening upon earth. Morning on earth and in the Sun. Faith of the world's morning. The mystery of Nature. Harmonic numbers and their power. Nature created by harmony. Omnipresence of religion and revelation. God revealed through Nature to the pure. Impurity the cause of atheism. God revealed in the Word. God's presence in Nature. The voice of Nature to the soul of man. The voice of the Word to man. Earth impregnated from elements in the Divine Humanity, and prospectively dissolving and re-organizing the isles, continents, and oceans of the globe. Man, like a ruined orb, to be re-organised by the Divine Love.

The fruitions of love restored in memory. The woman-angel revealed to her beloved, in dream, in trance, in death, and immortality. The faith of love in the conjugal life of angels. Sorrows and separations. Re-union of kindred souls in heaven. The soul of woman wasted and destroyed through self-love. The natural epochs of womanhood. Woman prospectively restored through the incarnation of our Lord, by means of open respiration, and the breath of fire.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART I.

I saw the Genius of the orb supreme,
That feeds our planet with its burning kisses:
Uplifted, in a vast and awful dream,
I saw him smile through crystalline abysses;
While, on his bosom, rocked with constant motion,
An emerald world, wrapped in an airy ocean.

The Sun-man smiled, and through his breast, that quivers
With every joy that in the heart should be,
Pulsed light and love, and the divinest rivers
Of pure desire and perfect extacy;
And, in the rushing of their deeps, the song
Of liberty in triumph rolled along.

The Sun-man spake, and, from his voice of thunder,
Four separate streams of music fed the soul.
As one who wakens in a trance of wonder,
Where no white chariot driven by flame did roll
Before, save for the immortals; or as one
Lifted sublime where Nature's robe is spun,

In Heaven's high hall, where many thousand fingers,
That pulse rich hues and harmonies divine,
Tint the dim ball below, with light, that lingers
Unto the bounds creation that confine,
And, 'neath the many coloured domes of space,
Unite the elements in their embrace;—

So I awoke, 'midst men of giant stature,
Woke in the very eyeball of their sphere;
A floating form, a visionary creature,
Born of the marriage of a smile and tear;
Or as a lamb with those of lion kind,
And in their tenderest love at peace reclined.

Here I beheld a Paradise of Nations;
Republic, empire, fatherhood in one;
Whose peoples shone as shine the constellations,
Whose chieftains beamed resplendent as the sun.
Love in each heart hived well her golden bees,
Whence Poesy drew endless melodies.

There I awoke. On Earth 'tis sad to waken:
How wake the homeless poor at hunger's thrill?
How wake the slaves, by human vultures taken
To their proud eyrie on Oppression's hill?

How wake the multitudes where faith is blind?
Hungry for God, they but a serpent find.

How wakes the miser to his gorge of gold?
The spoiler, sated from his rifled prey?
The Cattle-nations, by their kindred sold?
The Serpent-nations, stinging life away?
Malice, and treachery, and hate, and scorn,—
How wake the men wherein they dwell forlorn?

Morn comes; the flower-bells thrill with adorations;
With spicy odours flows the glen, the grove;
But human hearts are full of desecrations;
Were Love incarnate, men would murder Love.
How wakes the Morn! each violet-coloured steep
Flames into crimson, gleams along the deep.

Silence grows vocal; bird, and beast, and flower,
Each in their several language, offer praise:
But Tiger-men upon their captives glower;
And Snake-men sting the peaceful sheep that graze;
While the malign Omnipotence of Ill
His Fiend-men nerves, the feebler race to kill.

But Morn is up. In elder times the altars
Burned with sweet incense at the new-born day.

Their faiths men read from starry, flowery psalters,
And the heart's instincts taught them how to pray.
Ah, were the nations now as simply wise,
Responsive Earth would bloom, a paradise!

The Faith of Morn, in those far ages olden,
Was love to God, love for all human kind.
But now we sit in temples, glorious, golden,
The ghosts of heart and idiots of mind.
Belief, that once knit living souls of men,
Divides them now; 'tis jailer of the den.

The faith of the world's childhood lives no longer;
With Innocence 'twas born, and with it died.
Brethren, are we made richer, wiser, stronger,
For setting simple charity aside?
The Faith of Charity! ah, were it here,
A nobler race would in our midst appear.

A nobler race! Are we, at our carousals,
Fit to be fathers of the good and free?
Heaven should descend, and beam, through our espousals,
The pure, chaste ardours of eternity;
Then, through the sacramental gates of birth,
Incarnate innocences find the earth.

Morn in the Sun! Know ye that flame resplendent,
Which leads the brightening circles of the day?
Lo, 'tis itself a satellite attendant
On one more glorious, lighting, in its way,
With truth's far-beaming and illustrious tides,
The Genius of the Lamp, inorbed that bides.

For Nature, still, is other, deeper, fairer,
Than mole-eyed Science can believe or know;
Till a new blood, and breath, and spirit, rarer
Than death, or dust, or ashes, through her flow.
'Tis the God-man who sets His image still,
Where'er the elements the Word fulfil.

Can Science find out Him whose words assemble,
As elemental genii great and strong?
The pillars of the earth! they hear, they tremble,
As when man's heart is smitten with a song.
Ye who have thrilled to list the Marseillaise,
Ye who have felt the battle-fire that plays,

And strikes red lightning through defiant eyes,
And rolls dark thunders through the hero's hand,
And smites the smiter, and the slayer slays,—
Ye know it, mightier far than warlike brand.

This Joshua of a song leads on before,
While, as cleft Jordan, part the waves of gore.

Harmonic numbers change our human fates;
Surcharged with living powers of voice they sweep.
The pent Soul hears within its prison gates:
Was it an earthquake shattering the keep?
Through the rent arch shines now the sunlit sky;
And, by the prostrate portals, Liberty!

Listen! God's hand is on the burning strings!
He chants; the mighty Maker lifts His voice.
What flamy cherubim outspread their wings,
And, with uplifted rapture-songs, rejoice!
A glowing sun wraps each for atmosphere:
Master of life, 'tis thus Thy words appear!

Lo, Nature is God's poem, subtly woven,
In just accords of infinite sweet verse.
For ever chant, with fiery tongues and cloven,
His orbs, veiled magi of the universe.
The stony brain dissects, devours, denies:
Heart, mount thy throne, thy sceptre opes the skies.

'Tis sweet, when night leads on the far procession,
To feel one's self no outcast from their host.

The earth blooms beauteous through their intercession.
Build altars, then, where the Republic's coast
Fronts evermore the morn's arterial sea:
Day's burning chariot bears our Deity.

Religion everywhere, and revelation!
Love has its truth, as beauty finds her mate.
O man, why sit in thy dark desolation?
'Tis the world's even, and it groweth late.
Divest thyself of thy dark robes outworn;
Pride, envy, hatred, and old faiths forsworn.

Kneel on the grass, where flowers, like lovers mated,
At the sun's kisses thrill and multiply.
Seek in this Eden to be reinstated;
They look their homage to the holy sky.
Abase thyself; no priesthood hath such power
To heal the spirit, as one lowly flower.

"He who sees God, must perish in the seeing,"
Cried men of a dread faith, whose shadow flings
Darkness o'er us; from God we still are fleeing;
Our ears are closed to all the Father sings.
Wake, kneel with Nature on this springing sod;
Sweet Purity shall teach thee to see God.

Oh, I have loved thee, Purity ; transfigured
Before mine eyes thy loveliness hath shone.
God is not of celestial gifts a niggard ;
With Purity, great guardian friend, alone,
Above this nineteenth century's barren height,
I stood entranced,—God passed before my sight.

With noisy din ring out the myriad steeples.
What various faiths from Europe to Cathay!
Alas, the weary, hunger-bitten peoples,
The idols whom they serve not blind as they !
Our fathers, in the golden days of yore,
Found bibles in the daisies at the door.

The sweetness of God's Word, ye floral nations,
Still ye outbreathe ; your fragrance I inhale.
I scent to-day a thousand revelations,
Where clover blossoms bloom adown the dale.
Older than Moses you far-branching pine,
And pure as John this new-found Salem vine.

The libertine forgets his faith in woman ;
Man is the libertine of Faith, and sees
No longer the Divine or truly human
In God's fair gospel of the apple-trees.

When man forsook the holy and the right,
God's nature-bible grew obscure to sight.

Alas, another record, wrought from Heaven,
Thick starred with words of prophet, bard, and seer
Like the evangel of the blossoms, given,
In hues and odours of the varied year;—
That too, in these dim days of soul-decline,
We tread on, as the Indian o'er a mine.

But only here and there a patient delver,
Who knows that truth was buried thus of old,
Esteeming wisdom more than beaten silver,
And righteousness than ingots of red gold;
Gathers great riches;—gathers them, to be
Scorned as thy bond-slave, fond Credulity.

Men grope to find the wrecks of primal matter,
And waste long years in putting bone to bone;
Babel revives where the world's gossips clatter,
And fossil words adjust to fossil stone.
O'er fossil homilies the Churches nod,—
Stone heart, stone service, and a stony God.

Fault not the book, O man of curious learning,
Else shall the daisy thine accuser be.

But come, the splendid east with morn is burning;
Take morning to thine heart,—believe and see.
Nature, and Revelation, both shall rise
From seeming death, when thou art spirit-wise.

God's first and later records both are endless,
As love is endless; they are more than books.
On orphaned man, the desolate, the friendless,
Through each, for aye, one loving Spirit looks.
Through each, for aye, put forth the lifting hand,
The guiding lamp, or the avenging brand!

Fond Nature! hers is sure the better part;
Enraptured, aye, at her dear Master's feet;
Where, if she sleeps, 'tis shadowed by His heart;
And, if she wakens, 'tis His smile to meet.
Therefore in song her festive seasons tread;
Therefore her stars like laughing flowers dispread.

Therefore no taint her humid kisses leave;
Nor fails her freshness while the years go by
Therefore her woven words no heart deceive;
Her loneliest bower holds full society:
She hath no other will than to obey,
And so renews her endless bridal day.

Had man not fallen, the spirit and the letter,
The lovely soul and dim dissolving dress
Of this fair universe, as he first met her,
Had been like Eve, in her fresh wilderness
Of taintless bloom; a sister, leading him
To orient hills where smile the cherubim.

But Nature still is as a woman angel,
And not a man; from the rude touch she flies,
As shrink the flowers and close their mute evangel,
From wintry storms; ah! never she replies,
But bleeds, in secret, down to the quick stone,
Where mortals have her altars overthrown.

Lo, the Child-woman! hear once more, thou brother,
Commune with her fresh spirit and be still.
Her innocent kisses, they are strong to smother
The smouldering fires of evil in the will.
She calls thee, with a voice all unexprest
In tones, but such as kindle the quick breast.

She calls thee, "Come, beloved, lo, my fountains,
Where Purity is naiad of the tide!"
She calls thee, "Haste, beloved, to the mountains,
Where Inspirations dwell in morning pride!"

She calls thee to the freshness of the powers: —
Turn from the tomb; turn to the sunrise towers!

She calls thee; but her voice, a moment given,
And but a moment, fails and dies away.
Now it is in the flush of brightened heaven,
Now in the fragrance of yon orchard spray,
Now, and receding, in the wind-harp's tone: —
Lonely thy heart, when that kind voice is gone!

The evil days draw nigh; fond Nature lingers,
A moment lingers. What are words unsaid?
What grasps of heart that should have thrilled the fingers?
What aspirations that are quenched and dead?
And what is life, shorn of the vernal bloom?
Nature departs; — the soul is left a tomb.

Vainly the spirit, lost in dim researches
Of curious science, tracks her flight afar.
Another book, the Angel of the Churches
Offers, and in it shines the Morning Star.
Would'st thou the path to morning land retrace?
Rise, in this mystery see the Father's face.

Lo, from the antique scroll, that lights the waters
Of time, as yon rich orient gilds the sea,
Sing the star spirits, sing the sons and daughters
Of Him whose essence clasps eternity.
Is Nature weak? Do her enchantments fail?
Almighty is the Word; let God prevail!

Art thou impatient of thy time's disaster?
And dost thou mourn a ruined land's distress?
And are thy hopes, that blazed, dissolving faster
Than fire-swept grasses of the wilderness?
Say, doth the Nero of the passions, drest
In madness, burn the Rome within thy breast?

Say, hath thy reason as a thief waylaid thee,
And, in faith's robbery, left thee poor indeed?
Say, hath thy heart, a treacherous wife, betrayed thee?
Say, do thy murdered hopes, thy children, bleed?
And are they dying, ay, and dead, and cast
To the deep vault? Say, dost thou glower aghast,

At ruin, ruin, ruin, thrice deserted,
Friends lost, faith lost, and all that faith supplies;
While hope turns from thee; and, with eyes averted,
Thy better genius warns but once and flies?

Say, art thou but a corpse beneath the skin,
While to their ashes burn the fires within?

Say, hast thou trod the marge of the world's ocean,
Gazing into the dim profound of death?
Say, have the salt waves risen to chill emotion?
Dost thou sink daily in suspense of breath,
As drowning men, who, while the sun rides high,
And the blue wave smiles calmly, 'neath them die?

Say, doth the world, already, from thy glances,
Like a thin ghost that mocks the touch, recede?
Doth thy brain spin as in Walpurgis dances?
Doth he call for thee, with the coal-black steed,
Whose path is the wild meteor's, and whose home
The sunken city of the sunless dome?

Then, all things show that Spirit's incarnation,
Who shone refulgent, trebly beautiful,
As heaven is when the night breathes adoration;
As morn when glowing east with light is full;
And as the source of that rich glory burns,
When its full disc to its own sire it turns.

All things attest it. Lo! Earth's bosom hideth
E'en now the joyous life it drew from Him:

Waiting her time, in mild suspense she bideth.
Hark! in her depths, obscure to sense and dim,
Where toil the genii of the primal fire,
She fashions dome and battlement and spire.

There with swift hands that move in subtle motion,
And with quick heart resounding full of praise,
And with electric mind, filled as the ocean
With mighty thoughts fed from the solar rays,
She bows herself, to rise at last;—"Awake!"
Lo, Alps and Andes cry, "She comes;" they take

Their snowy robes, and, in a veil of waters
Fling them from plain to plain; the ravines pour
Swift inundations, and the sons and daughters
Of anarchy and luxury, who wore
Garments of purple woof and rainbow sheen,
The sabres of the wave shall cleave, I ween.

As when the war-horse clothes his neck with thunder,
And shouts to hear the battle rolling far;
The genii of the caverns burst asunder
The crystal barriers, each most like a star,
Wrapped in white nebulous cloud, who trails pure mist
Of incandescent heat, by lightnings kissed.

Words that the lyric God evoked in power !
He leaned his heart against the planet's lyre :
It shook, as wind-harps in some orient bower,
Where summer airs deep-bosomed joy inspire :
It gathered up the bliss, that mortal man
But tasted ; lo, it tramples out the plan

Of the isle-fretted sea and curvèd shore.
It cries, "Awake, ye continents, that sleep,
As giants clad in surcoats of bright ore,
Lulled by the kisses of the tremulous deep ;
Lift your mailed hands above the flying foam ;
Sun your broad powers beneath heaven's awful dome."

Thou, brother, thou, a lightning-splintered globe,
A thunder-scarred, fire-devastated isle,
Whom death and hate would momently disrobe,
A kindred Genius, with mild asking smile,
For thee would summon kinsmen far away,
In the sun's ruby chamber : "Lo," they say,

"Hear what the Word, with voice apocalyptic,
Reveals in power omnipotently sweet ;
Gather the hopes that star its vast ecliptic ;
With Nature haste to her dear Master's feet.

Art thou a winter? thou a spring shalt bloom:
And smile like Eden, thou who wert a tomb."

From fullest joys we gather, while we may,
Imperial revenues, that, when decease
The rich fruitions of our earlier day,
Memory may reap in quietude and peace;
And the soul pluck, in many an after-hour,
Clusters that grew in love's connubial bower.

How sweet is love! Above the battle stream
Of the contending years, man lifts his glance,
To see, perchance, the maiden angel gleam;
Then from his bosom draws the broken lance,
And courts the pang that sunders soul from clay:
She smiles, he follows from the fierce affray;

Seeking some gay pavilion, where the kisses
Of immortality shall be possest
With healing power, and fill the void abysses
Of an insatiate yearning in the breast.
Still, spite of creed, the heart, that earth denies
Its sacrament, leans forth to Paradise.

It inly sings, "There I shall rise, to meet her,
Who sways my secret bosom from her own.
Her honied lips shall thrill for aye the sweeter,—
Inheritress of all my nature's throne."
Despite the doubts that sting, and fears that kill,
Of Dian dreams her lone Endymion still.

Love hath its faith, a secret inspiration;
It feels futurity not void or strange;
It sees its own, in death's transfiguration;
The fashion of her countenance may change,
Her robes grow white and glisten, but the ear
Drinks in the words, "Beloved, meet me here!"

Thrice awful tryst! Words that descend unspoken,
As sunshine through the dead, pale, winter frost
Of the heart's grief, when suddenly is broken
The chalice, and the draught we longed for lost:
Or, where the islet of our Eden stood,
A flower-crowned corse sinks mutely in the flood!

To this it comes at last. The earth is aching
With speechless partings, and with last farewells
Of those who vanished from existence, taking
All save the echo of funereal bells.

Pales the rich sunset; weeps the sombre night.
Lo, through its gloom, Love smiles, and there is light!

It comes to this. Ah, soon the silver crescent
Is lost below the dim horizon's verge.
How like a ghost the future haunts the present!
Soon the inevitable wave shall merge
The beating heart, the arms around us thrown.
Our world is left a shell, the dove has flown.

Thrice awful tryst! Ah, clad for this strange meeting,
Methinks the soul with purity should be.
Fame, genius, glory, power, dominion fleeting,
Fail from the white glance of eternity;
And all that the world gives survives no more;
Not even as echo of sweet music o'er.

The harp, the lute, the viol for the feast;
The wine, the wit, the laughter, at the board;
But, when the merry instruments have ceased,
And, when the banquet closes, lo, the Lord!
We sang, we revelled; the swift hours flew by;
Unseen, the Master of the feast was nigh.

He holds our loved ones in His holy keeping:
He gave, He took; shall He at last restore?

Fond eyes that closed on ours, all dim with weeping,
Shall they for us with love's new light brim o'er?
Shall the first miracle of that far clime
Be Cana, and our cup its nuptial wine?

He, with Himself, gives all things. All are ours.
Sweeter than plains of fabled asphodel,
That garden, where love laughs in living flowers,
Blest, and for ever, with her own to dwell.
Sad Philomel, on earth that felt the thorn,
There finds the rose and sings from morn to morn.

As Columbine and Harlequin we parry
Gay quips and jests, on Passion's painted stage:
Alas, another face and form we carry
Behind the scenes; "Doff me," cries grim old age,
"Doff me these garments of the lovely prime."
We shiver then, robed as with winter's rime.

Poor Columbine, dost love thy sheeny spangles,
Necklace and bracelet, jewelled ring and chain?
Art proud of Indian diadems and bangles,
Gold powder and the rosy henna stain;
Thy curious cabinet that gems inlay;
Thy costly robes of Thibet or Cathay?

The grim scene-master covets them as well.
Thou, pale and lurid as the dying moon,
Shalt lose, with the world's beauty, every spell;
Nor steep thy sense in passion's dizzy swoon.
When Cleopatra treads life's fateful marge,
Hers but the asp; no more the gilded barge.

What makes the Summer, summer? Fruits and flowers.
And what makes Woman, woman? Faith and love.
Is Summer, summer, when nor birds nor bowers,
Nor teeming field, nor music-haunted grove?
Is Woman, woman, when but painted sense,
In place of love and love's pure innocence?

Is Summer, summer, when the genial season
Expires, and sudden winter robes the plains?
Is Woman, woman, when, with hideous treason,
The heart each nobler attribute enchains?
Heaven is not heaven, save God pervade it still;
Nor Woman, woman, with a loveless will.

Prithee, hear to me. Daily we are changing.
Thou wert a babe in arms; a dimpled girl;
A maid, with curious fancies widely ranging:
Love's Ægean waters round thy shallop curl:

Then conscious womanhood illumes the face,
And lends to every charm a mystic grace.

Here ends the natural; the budding charm
  Complete, say, shall life be a failing fire?
Thou, whom all graces with enchantments arm;
  Thou, at whose bidding waits each soft desire;
Thou, if heart-true, whom Nature's self would seek,
And teach thy lips Love's native tongue to speak;

And teach thine eyes with Love's first light to glisten,—
  That speaking light from God's high throne that
    came;
And teach thy heart as at His heart to listen,
  For inspirations that renew the frame;
Replacing all the swift years would destroy,
With substance, not of dust, akin to joy,

And power, and long duration, and intense
  Affections, that are infinite, and wrought
From that pure frame that Love's Omnipotence
  Made human, through the sacred virgin brought.
Ah, sister, I could kiss the holy shade
Cast by thy shape, so sacredly arrayed.

Now, rising up like some bright exhalation,
That floats a city of the plague above,
Glides womanhood, earth's loveliest revelation,
Yet wafts no healing from the land of love.
To cloudy vapours change her tinted fires:
Lo, as a foul miasma she expires.

A cataract waits, upon Heaven's verge suspended,
O'er woman's bosom, and her breathing will.
That bosom, through which Love to Earth descended,
With breath from His divinity shall fill.
Of old, a virgin, man's Redeemer bore;
That Saviour shall the virgin Eve restore.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

Revelations of morning in the Sun. Solar architecture. Solar paradises, landscapes, oceans, priesthoods, and peoples. Solar men peopled by living and immortal affections. Power of the eye. Worlds of beauty, purity, wisdom, and affection within the bosoms of Solar men. The disguises of creation. Veils of illusion woven through human evil. The prospective re-revelation of Nature and the Word. Human wars against the Divine ideal. Man ruined by the crushing of his aspirations. Immortality of Freedom and of Prophecy. Judgments on oppressors, through the descent of Freedom from the Heavens. Uncertainty of sight and certainty of insight. Insight lost through impurity and compromise with evil. America brought to the verge of ruin through lack of insight and through compromise. The martyrs of Truth, Freedom, and Inspiration. The Heaven of Martyrs prepared for them. Their spirits filled with beatitudes from the Divine Martyr. Conjugial love awaiting them in Heaven.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART II.

Morn in the Sun rose, a colossal spirit,
  Regnant in mastery of azure space,
Who smiles that all in his domain may 'herit
  Wisdom and power and beauty and its grace;
Whose beams are woven from his Lord's intense
Ardours of radiant intelligence.

It shone through many an air-built arch, vermilion,
  And opal, and pale azure, rainbow-wrought;
On domes of emerald, where a thousand million
  Of mighty minds had builded, from the thought
Of their orb's genius, an illustrious fane,
Which never yet fraternal tears did stain.

It shone o'er many a paradise, that pillows
  Its beauty on the waves of living seas;
Where never battle cannon shook the billows,
  And never pirate pennon cursed the breeze;
And over many a vine-embowered hill,
Where ne'er the bacchanal his cup did fill.

It shone o'er many a fane of sculptured marble,
By the pure hands of Faith in freedom built,
Wherein, reverberant, the sweet stars warble,
Where never yet Fraud ministered to Guilt;
And over palaces the artist hand
Of Genius rears, but for no tyrant's band;

And over founts with liquid bliss that bubble,
Since Purity pours forth her wave divine,
Where never yet the face of age or trouble
Was imaged in the mirror crystalline;
And o'er broad meadows, where, since light was born,
Laboured no serf or servitor forlorn;

And o'er and through a glad aerial ocean,
Swept by soft winds of melody, that thrill
Responsive to the paradisal motion
Of breathing frames all innocent of ill;
And o'er rich banners, for no strife unfurled;—
Peace only blows her clarion through that world.

It shone o'er hierarchs, in long procession,
By many an altar nigh the fretted shore,
Where never bale, or blight, held sad possession;
And over many a high-placed mountain floor,

Where the orb's patriarchs, touched by no decay,
Sublimely wait, each his ascension day;

And over groves, fruited as is blue heaven,
Whose vine is drooping with immortal stars;
And over gardens hued as morn or even,
Where proud Exclusion builds no envious bars;
And over orchards blossoming and ripe,
Which Avarice ne'er held in felon gripe.

The orb's first monarch stood, pleased to survey
The wakening bliss of that supreme dominion.
Then rose the pæan, "Lo, the Lord of Day!"
While, as the white dove preens her folded pinion,
And lifts the filmèd lids that held her eyes
In happy sleep, all wakening tribes did rise.

And there stood men, each one a sovereign soul,
Whose body was to him as the starred scheme
Of a fair universe, whose mild orbs roll,
Obedient, in their guiding law supreme,
To the kind Genius at their fontal source
Of light and love, who leads their happy course.

And there were eyes of men, the thrones imperial
Of the mind's genii; to their broad survey

The tribes are seen, who in the red arterial
Veins of the universe for ever play;
And, in the heart of many an orb, delight
To lead the pure processions of the light.

Those tribes are innocent as are the kisses
Which Faith, fond virgin, wafts in ecstasies
Of adoration, through the dim abysses
Of time and nature, and the unknown seas,
Past their strange confines, to the stately hall
Where the Creative Love is all in all.

O eyes of truth, all exquisitely gifted,
With perfect vision of experience wise;
For you, as cloudlets from clear heaven, are drifted
The veils that hide all wonders: she who plies
Her fraudful distaff, beldame of mankind,
Old Superstition, ne'er your state did find.

And, if she found it, ye, with many a hammer
Of adamantine beams, would smite the guilt
Of her deep heart, and silence the fierce clamour
Of fratricides, who, at her bidding, spilt
The blood of Freedom's multitudes: and ye
Would whelm her corse in Lethe's brimming sea.

O eyes, that burn with purity impassioned;
In all beneath, of incense-breathing sod,
Where Spring awakes, in beauty's image fashioned;
In all above, that Nature holds from God;
From the first germs to the last powers of things,
Ye see the image of the Lord of kings.

Dear eyes, how thrill ye, giving and receiving
The spheral beams that through your chambers move!
Ye never looked, I know, but with believing;
Ye wake with wisdom, and ye rest with love;
And, if ye ope to aught beyond your sun,
'Tis the new dawn, eternity, begun.

And there were landscapes, that those eyes did brighten;
For the sun looked through them into the breast,
With daily morn those happy tribes to lighten,
Who dwell therein, caressing and caressed;
And, small to man as tiny motes might be,
Are yet lip-kissed by every ecstasy.

A shepherd boy was brought to king Admetus;
The monarch thrilled to hear Apollo's lay.
Thus ever, in disguise, the Muses greet us;
And ever, in disguise, the hosts of day

Gleam from the confines of the brightening sphere;
And ever, in disguise, the flowers appear.

And oh, how well thy heart's belovèd maiden
Walks in disguise, but for thine eye alone.
Ay, since that cruel loss that blighted Aidenn,
Veils of illusion round all things are thrown:
In many an eye the mote, the darkening beam,
Till sense, grown sceptic, scoffs at the Supreme.

Hate on man's eyes hath poured his blood-red vial;
Fraud, lust, and unbelief have followed him;
Till Blindness, arrogant, puts Light on trial.
From age to age contracts the blackening rim:
We crush the phœnix with our hands of stone;
We sow her ashes on the night airs lone;

Or in the crucible assay her essence.
Is matter dumb? then ne'er was minstrelsy,
Moving, with its enchanting omnipresence,
Through the soul's deep and the heart's ample sky:
We hoard the ashes, and cry "ours the bird:"
So blinded theologues possess the Word.

Genius, who walks with men, will some day kindle
That phœnix from those ashes; for his fire,

Though daily now with time it seems to dwindle,
Shall leap refulgent from its orient pyre.
Hear ye the moving atoms? Earth and sea
May perish, but the Word shall ever be.

This crushing out all things whose looks reprove us,
Shaming our souls, that they reject, supine,
The Ideal, whose bright throngs, for aye, above us,
Disturb the torpid sense with songs divine:—
This crushing out! Know ye, the powers recoil:
Dread Nemesis at last shall venge the toil.

Who, as reads well the record, crushed out Abel?
He bore henceforth the blood-stamp; follow Cain
Through the dim generations,—'tis no fable;
The blood-red peoples who their hands did stain,
They perish, or, from ruin's fiery glare,
Shrink, swathed with agonies that none may bear.

This crushing out! The Highest and the Holiest,
Wrapt in soft veils of woven brotherhood,
Of all Reformers meekest, purest, lowliest;
Judæa's priesthood crushed Him, shed His blood.—
Lo, through their eyes the murder-lamps blazed forth,
And lit the flame that swept their state from earth.

Man, from the scroll of his own heart, erasing
Virtue and love and their sweet liberty,
May triumph, to himself, awhile replacing
Therein, fraud, lust, and fierce impiety.
Not crushed, but driven forth, his better Fate
Henceforth must on him, an avenger, wait.

Men crush out Freedom, and their dark dominions
Rear on the agonies of serf and slave:
Freedom, not crushed, spreads her archangel pinions,
But comes again with thunderous wings that wave,
Flashing forth fires that melt the brazen domes,
Where those who smote at her uprear their homes.

All things conspire at Retribution's beck,
The elements, the famine, fire, and frost:
Men see her first a dim, far-moving speck,
A light in its own darkness veiled and lost;
But, when the powers of hate are ruin-ripe,
She clutches—'tis the fire-winged lion's gripe.

Men crush the prophets;—Prophecy, immortal,
Smiles by the stake to see her martyr die;
Rises, and, lulled in bosom-rest aortal,
From All-creative Love draws victory.

Then wingèd words, that wait, all unconfined,
At her command speak through some lowly mind.

Her shrine had perished? Lo, the earth-clouds, parted,
Reveal it, bright as the morn's exhalation!
Art thou oppressed, O man? rise up, strong hearted;
For the lost drop, Heaven sends an inundation.
Died the red sun? was the dim west his grave?
Lo, he lives on; eastward his banners wave!

The lauwine leaps in thunder from the rocks,
To crush a village with a single bound;
No warning of it give the merry cocks;
No solitary watcher oft is found:
Perchance one final sunbeam kissed the snow;
Perchance one final wind-breath launched the woe.

'Tis ever thus. Events that make the ages
Scowl dark with ruin, or as Eden smile,
O'erwhelm the conclaves of the very sages,
And the big ruin o'er their folly pile.
Who makes no calculation for the sun
Above events, sees all his scheme undone.

Calm, in the centre of all agitation,
Turns the fixed axle of the burning wheel;

Beauty, love, reverence, illumination,
Fly from the contact of the smitten steel.
"God's wheels grind slow, but grind exceeding small;"
Wisely 'twas said; their motion governs all.

In Norway's fjeld, with thrice awful spasm,
A deep ravine was sundered long ago:
The Vhoring Voss o'erleaps the frightful chasm,
In one dread plunge a thousand feet below.
Ye, in Time's gorge, who camp with fort and fosse,
Lo, Freedom o'er you hangs her Vhoring Voss.

Oh for the eyes to see! Events uncertain
Hold the sense blinded in a dubious thrall.
'Tis insight rives the visionary curtain;
It shows the Power that moves this earthly ball.
Outward, with various fate, the armies fight:
Inward, God reigns; there all that is is right.

Not sight but insight! Else the priest and statesman
The temple and the commonwealth betray.
He who with insight plans is God's true fatesman,
Whom principalities and powers obey:
Seek insight then, thou champion of reform,
Or fail, an eyeless pilot in the storm.

But know that lust and crime, in the mind's mirror,
Weave mirage and delusion for the race.
No man sees right whose heart holds pact with error:
Brother, the sandals of the self unlace.
Step clean from self,—pure is earth's vestal sod,—
Beyond self's shadow burns the light of God.

For lack of insight, Freedom's mightiest nation
Falls like a knight unhorsed in mid career.
Kings, courtiers, pontiffs, mock her desolation,
And cry, "Ha, ha, thus perish all we fear!"
We shod our war-steed at the forge of crime;
He slides, to crush us, in our battle time.

Weave chaplets, poet sweet, ivy and myrtle
For love and kind remembrance; weave a crown
For brows, that, where the bolts of error hurtle,
Glad, as to bridal rest, have laid them down.
O time, O earth, how thick thy martyrs lie!—
Lift them in soft embrace, Eternity.

For theirs were eyes that saw where Love lay bleeding;
They stooped to kiss her wounded hands and side:
Where uncrowned Justice for the right was pleading,
'Gainst crowned Oppression, they the wrong defied.

Hate, from below, the sacred forum clove;
To fill it, with their quickened flesh, they strove.

Oh, hunted down by many a priesthood's beagles,
Yet best of best, and bravest of the brave;
Oh, fed upon by Rapine's carrion eagles,
They brought elysium, but received the grave.
Weave garlands for them; they, with purest breath,
Have purchased fame above thy power, O death!

Feed them, dear Mother Sky, with thy sweet kisses;
For their repose spread couches thick with bloom.
Let Poesy reveal the bosom-blisses,
By man untasted since the mortal doom;
While, through the oriel window of their state,
The future beams, like morn o'er Eden's gate.

For sun and moon, and the swift lights diurnal;
For cliff, and vale, and ocean's floor, that spread;
Beam ampler skies, that fill with love eternal,
And heart's desires, to their own gladness wed:—
A fairer Nature, where kind lovers' eyes
Have wrought sweet smiles in hues of paradise.

Eternity must overbrim with pleasures,
I know, for all who meekly did fulfil,

At cost of life and all its earthly treasures,
The Primal Beauty's infinite pure will:
"I fought for love!" this talisman shall ope
The boundless realm within the eternal cope.

Away all creeds but this. For love He wrought,
Who sowed with springing bloom our mortal graves:
Only with hatred and its ills He fought,
Claiming for seraphs those who toiled as slaves.
For love He fought! Be faith or clear or dim,
He waits, in love, for all who follow Him.

And was there one, who, o'er her martyr's sorrow,
Stooped with pale winglets, or, in slumber, wove
Some dream with solace for the battle morrow?
Shall he not claim her, at thy feet, O Love?
Brim the heart's cup, ye spirits of the vine!
Eros, translated, light thy torch divine!

Oh, sweetest kisses for the eyelids closing!
Oh, sweetest dreams, in sleep, of blisses new!
Oh, springing raptures, where two souls, reposing
In one delight, mingle as drops of dew,
That thrill together in the virgin breast
Of the white lily, on the calm lake's rest!

Oh, sweetest waking! He who was Ithuriel,
Piercing Earth's hydra with the spear-point keen,
Orbed in full joy, shall rise, like angel Uriel,—
A sun's bright genius, mantled with its sheen;
While memory of the past shall but remain,
A rainbow, o'er fair clouds without a stain.

Up, to the palace of the diamond arches,
Where the irradiant spar holds every beam
Of primal truth! on, in celestial marches,
From heaven to heaven of intellect supreme!
The mind, a mirror o'er the heart's full vase;—
Through glass, through fountain,—beams our Father's face.

And if, on earth, are eyes of portents direful,
Methinks, those eyes, in bliss above, shall see
The wolf-like iris, treacherous and ireful,
Whence glare the powers of Fraud and Tyranny.
Stars of intelligence, divinely bright,
Whence ye shall pierce all traitors to the right.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

A bird Heaven. The might be, and the shall be. The method of human restoration. Return to the sun. Solar men, temples of the Divine Spirit and of the Divine affections. Mind impregnated by Nature. The Divine affections in Nature. Spirits of air and earth; impersonal dwellers in the restored human frame. Communings of Nature with the human soul. Man's harmonic frame possessed and beatified by Nature. The Eden of earth, and its ancient wonders. Purity and bliss of the first created pair. The Divine presence in them; also the presence of Nature. The primal wonders of Paradise. Powers of the suns and planets present with the first pair. The natural soul of man made mortal through evil. The fall and ruin of man's natural soul. The desolate chaos in the human soul. The human spirit imprisoned in the decaying natural soul. Death and its desolations. The wars of Love and Hate. The agonies and beatitudes of martyrdom. The restitution of Divine harmonies. The oracle of Nature. Nature oppressed by evil, but prospectively delivered through the breath of the Divine Spirit. The cataract above the world. The impending judgments. The cycle of world harmony.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART III.

The merry birds are in the woodland singing:
What a Bird Heaven our troubled orb would be,
If ne'er a falconer his bolt were winging,
And all foul creatures gone that mar their glee,
And cruel Winter with his famine slain,—
That so the Seasons of the prime might reign!

"What might be? poet dear; what shall be, rather!—
Let 'how to do it;' vivify thy verse:
If the Almighty is the good All-father;
And bounteous Nature still a blessed nurse;
And kind Eternity, as virgin mild,
For ever, since man's birth, on man hath smiled;

With a barbed arrow, from the Muse's quiver,
Sped with the strength Apollo gave his bow,
Shoot sharply, surely; let thy verse deliver
The 'how to do it;' else in silence go."
Ah, well, come back with me, perchance to learn
This lesson where yon solar splendours burn.

Man, in the Sun, is temple of that Spirit,
Whom we so dimly love, or darkly fear.
The heavenly loves a natural life inherit,
And, robed in song and fragrance, they appear
Where bird, and beast, and gentle insect thrill,
Sharing, and giving, and receiving still.

No creature that sweet fellowship repulses,
That makes one heaven along the laughing plains:
The subtle life, that the sun's fire impulses,
From one full fountain feeds their mingling veins.
All things are theirs, and in the living flame
Of love's diffusion, their sweet bliss they claim.

Nature impregnates mind: the senses slumber;
The vestal soul yields up their frame, to be
Caressed by the dear world in every member,
And lapped and swathed in deepest harmony;
While through their elements, in rosy twine,
All powers unite that make the orb divine.

Nature, that lives in the impersonal creatures
Of piny mount, and glade, and laurel grove,—
Nature, for aye that looks with human features,
Known, felt, and fathomed by thy spells, O Love,—

In all her joyous and most pure desires,
Moves through them, with her train of wedded fires.

Thus Wordsworth truly sang, "the simplest flower,—
  This is my faith,—enjoys the life it lives."
Man's taintless frame is Nature's bridal bower;
  And every floral soul receives and gives
The bliss it is, and that it feeds on; sight,
Sound, motion, melody, in him delight.

For aye, with song and chorus hymeneal,
  The gentle essences of earth and air,
Who haunt the confines of the pure ideal,
  Or bloodless feasts in their world's bosom share;
Clasped lip to lip, in full transfusion lie:
Their rapture gives the frame tranquility.

And the rock spirits, they whose homes are gilded
  With burnished ores from the orb's vital heat,
From crystal palaces their art hath builded
  Their fiery joy deep in his heart repeat.
Robed in the solar fire, each gentle gnome
Finds in such breathing frames a human home.

It thrills in full delight to the world's motion,
  And shares the raptures of the seasons three,

As kindred odours in the airy ocean,
All gentlest powers in one pure bliss agree.
As rivers through a flowery vale that sweep,
They blend, they mingle, in that halcyon sleep.

Thou who hast heard by night the pine-tree's chanting
A tremor give of unexpressed desire,
To blend with that One Life, in silence haunting
This wondrous world, whose elements respire
A tranquilizing breath, that quickened sense
Feels, as the touch of Love's Omnipotence;—

Thou who hast heard, pent in some fraudful city,
Where avarice makes the heart a yawning grave,
Deaf to all prayers, dead to all human pity,
That still fresh victims must for ever crave;
And felt, along the wastes of life's dim track,
Returning waves of thy lost youth come back;—

If thou hast known thy sense to sympathise
With the young life in Nature, when the Spring
Looks forth delighted through each wild flower's eyes,
Leaps forth transported where the wild birds sing;
Or shared the joy, whose dim pavilions close
Where Youth and Beauty taste one pure repose;—

If thou hast mourned by day one best and sweetest,
And through the vales of trance in wonder sped,
A wingèd soul, of every air the fleetest,
Piercing that far domain where life is wed
To its own immortality; and there
Hast dropped each vague disguise that mortals wear;

And on some bank, with flowery grasses paven,
Thy inmost essence through her love hast twined;
While, as two stars unite to weave one heaven,
Her heart hath entered and possessed thy mind;—
Then know, yet dimly, the repose which gives
Each confluent bliss in Nature's frame that lives.

For perfect Nature laughs, in full possession
Of the dear frame that is her chiefest joy,
And, in its mightier habitant's recession,
Smiles to increase, ah, never to destroy!—
And here I touch upon a different theme;
Such frame had man, it perished as a dream.

'Twas a fair garden, paradised in bowers,
A-flame with magic and miraculous bloom.
Nature unveiled herself, the laughing Hours
Beheld her lost in many a blissful swoon.

Then happy night woke to more perfect morn;
In mother-bliss she caroled, man was born.

Ah, happy life! ah, innocence full pleasured!
Ah, purest flesh and blood that Nature wove!
Ah, virgin soul, filled by delights unmeasured,
That Nature holds in her dear Master's love!
Ah, lovely boy and love-diffusing maid,
The virgin dweller of the virgin glade!

Let high philosophy attest the story;
Let Woman-nature from her woman's Word
Depict in love's own hues this virgin glory.
Lo, the child-woman, let her tones record
How naiad loves, each from its lotos bell,
Rose in her heart, that many-fountained dell.

Let Poesy's delicious modulations,
Where sweetest thought clasps the impassioned verse,
Reveal how rose her human emanations,
In the sun's beams their beauty to immerse;
And clothe themselves with lyric airs for dress,
Too pure, too bright to veil their loveliness.

God shone through their thrice sacred forms, diffusing
The hallowing consecration. Breath more sweet

Than spicy airs from spring's delight effusing,
  Its odour-mantle wove from lip to feet;
While outer, denser, of the vestures three,
Warm, sparkling atoms moved in music's glee.

Nature's pure elements, by love transmuted,
  Wrought their celestial flesh, and for their food
Stood visible in boughs, that, golden fruited,
  Nourished with ecstacy the brain, the blood.
And Nature's self, haunting each alcove dim,
Swayed them by day, by night, with her sweet hymn.

For music is the wand of wondrous fashion,
  That from the hidden founts of the deep will,
Evokes the sacred nymphs of each pure passion,
  Or trances them in slumber deep and still,
While, in the mazes of the winding song,
With mightier ardours moves the Word along.

Caressive was soft Nature as a mother;
  There all that fills the heart of this dim world,
Yea, all that leaps to power, no death can smother,
  Where sister planets have their fires unfurled,
As banners in blue air, to light the deep;
And all that glows where the sun's genii sweep,

Their lyres of life, at God Messiah's song,
In them and for them wrought; that they might be
As potencies of life divinely strong,
Emblems of God, forms of eternity;
And, in the solidarity of space,
Knit to each radiant planetary race.

I speak not here of how that chance befel,
Whereby this pair to innocence were lost;
But in one hour, the natural soul, the well
Of life, of its pure waters did exhaust.
No more the naiad of the immortal urn;
Dust claimed its essence for the sad return.

That natural soul, its senses were the portal
Wherethrough divine delights had beauteous trod:
By innocence it shared those gifts immortal,
Which flower from the quick attributes of God.
No longer head and crown of things in space,
It turned, reluctant, to the grave's embrace.

A casket, now, of rifled, ravished powers;
A harp where brokenly the numbers thrill;
A cloud that, scattering its bounteous showers,
Loses itself in chaos void and still;

A fervid meteor shattered as it flies,
The soul that sinned,—it lingers, pales, and dies.

The house wherein we live, ah, once it lifted
  Its living dome to the eternal blue.
Now, in its ruined halls, lie winters drifted;
  Through its dim labyrinths pale thoughts pursue
Their vanishing echoes, which, as night-winds fail,
Are lost in bleak annihilation's vale.

Our frame's glad Eden; ankle deep in blossom,
  It smiled; but now, a chaos overthrown,
It holds the *mer-de-glace* within its bosom;
  Or hangs its splintered pinnacles, alone
Midst pitiless cold and arctic vacancy,
Like drear Jan Mayen o'er the frozen sea.

The living mind is tenant of this prison;
  The immortal wars against its dying frame;
Our flesh ascends not, though our loves have risen,
  Still it is born and perishes in pain.
The years afflict us with unnatural strife;
We languish; lo, the ebbing of the life!

We sit forlorn in many a haunted chamber:
  The senses, that betray us, aye deceive:

Age comes, with its most desolate December :
The years but ravish, never they retrieve :
The same tremendous fate o'ershadows all ;
Saint, sage, and poet vanish in the pall.

And if, perchance, triumphant o'er the terrors,
That make this world their battle-field, sublime,
O'er the heart's ills, and o'er the reason's errors,
Some pure, illustrious Essence baffles time,
And age, and death, with words that cannot die ;
Still through his natural frame shall ruin ply.

And if, perchance, on some great poet's vision,
Gleams victory for man, so long the slave ;
The airy palaces, the towers Elysian,
Beam on us like the stars above the grave.
That glorious, haunting future still recedes ;
New tyrants triumph ; the new martyr bleeds.

New faiths arise, old faiths are renovated ;
But still man struggles in this mortal coil.
Whate'er Love builds, by Hate is devastated :
The waves of crime that from the sire recoil,
Rise round his offspring ; aye, against the right
And true, the instincts of the senses fight.

We were the parts of one vast evolution;
But ever here, since Eden's loss began,
Love meets the anarchists of revolution:
Thrice blessed they who, struggling to the van,
Or live, or die, through aions of world-woe,
Bearing for love th' eternal martyr-throe.

Better to sink in one funereal void
Of human chaos, than, with Hate, to share.
The martyr's pain holds rapture unalloyed.
A moment, and we leap, as sabres bare,
That flash from the consuming sheath; above
Thy life to gain, as here thy loss, O Love!

We win, with cost of long laborious hours,
The insight and experience, that supply
Life to mankind, as rain to thirsting flowers.
Ah, at what price? As martyrs we must die.
And, if our brethren harm us not, arise
The Powers of Hate that kill by sorceries.

And comes there then no mortal manumission?
Must still the chariot fail, the mind that bears?
Is there no other triumph but in vision?
Where martyr-love celestial rest prepares?

Must man toil on, a victim stained in gore,
Till perishes that earthly frame he wore?

Philosophy has cut the Gordian tie,
Unwinding not the mystery of fate.
Yet the soul sobs, "I was not born to die!"
Who shall redress this dark unnatural state?
I scan the method of the great redress.
Speak, through my lips, Nature, kind monitress.

"I, first who wove, in paradise unblighted,—
I, Nature, empress of felicity,—
That radiant robe wherein might dwell, heart-plighted
By love's pure kiss, Time with Eternity;
I, Nature, rising from my deeps, respire;
The seasons wake, the senses drink my fire.

"The powers that in my deep life's life are given,
From the One Will that breathes in love through all,
Whether I move mid halls of azure heaven,
Or in the fire-space of my emerald ball,
Are human still, and to all human things
Must minister alike, to slaves and kings.

"I Nature am! O poet, hear my story.
The human larvæ, from their state who fell,

With falsest dreams, dominion, pride, and glory,
Teach my pale offspring ever to rebel.
I pour the wine, but in the chalice they
Cast madness, misery, and lust alway.

"There is no arrow in my burning quiver
To pierce them; nor a soft, persuasive tongue
In all my voice; remorselessly they ever
Devour my children. Time, who once was young,
Grows old; the west is reddening to the east;
The shadows fall; they linger at the feast.

"There comes redress. Evil, that reigns tyrannic,
Within man's natural system hath its home:
The new creation dawns apace; organic
My work must be; substance, that is the dome
Of self-involved and all-consuming strife,
Pervaded by God's breath, shall leap to life.

"A cataract waits, in azure air suspended;
Love's throne shines through its awful iris bow.
Morn brightens there, by rosy Hours attended;
The Spirits of the Winds their flight foreknow.
Young Eden smiles, borne on the wide waves, curled,
For ruin-fires, round all that wrecks the world.

"That Sun's ascent shall liberate the waters:
Ah, little dream the nations what is nigh.
Men shall be mown as when the battle slaughters;
All vainly to their solemn fanes they fly:
The warrior drops, lifting the vengeful brand;
And the priest follows, crucifix in hand.

"I Nature am! In the forgotten lustres
'Twas my delight to serve the good and free.
As heaven's star-bearing vine matures her clusters,
I spread the banquets of Equality.
I wither not; 'tis man who feels the curse;
He dwells in me, who feeds the universe.

"I wait for men, pure as my birds and blossoms,
In simple truth who live to serve their kind.
My future smiles, my paradise embosoms
Its perfect beauty, which no hate may find,
Nor sorcery, nor self-seeking: far 'tis not,
But near as innocence, by man forgot.

"I Nature am! Come, then, ye desolated;
Brief is the interval from night to morn.
Seek ye in Eden to be reinstated.
My Master waits, my foeman's power is shorn.
The powers converge, that met, and Eden rose;
The cycle ends, the guarded gates unclose."

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

Morning in the Sun. Divine clothing of the solar peoples. Morning worship in the Sun. The perishableness of evil institutions on Earth. Causes of the failure of reformers and reforms. The patience of the saints. Lessons for reformers in the new life. The preacher's mission in the new age. New harmonies of labour. The vanity of vanities, in natural life, contrasted with the fruitions of unfallen solar existence.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART IV.

Morn in the sun! I saw the assembled nations:
All were as one great heart, and mind, and frame.
Like virgin Eve, robed with illuminations,
Each radiant nature stood arrayed in flame.
For woven light, changeful as are the dyes
Of opening day, alone could harmonize

With innocent natures. There, unknown the seemings,
That here hide each from each, and all from all;
But, as one gem puts on its myriad gleamings,
Refracting varied splendours, or the ball
Of emerald earth, by the new morning kissed,
Kindles to ruby or soft amethyst,—

So these mild spirits, beautiful and tender,
In every sacred motion wove a new,
Forever changing, ever kindling splendour;
But all as one to perfect brilliance grew,
And lit, from rosy purplings of the blood,
Their floating mantles, where Day's Genius stood,

As a man angel o'er the disc of Heaven.
Then wondrously began their sacred song,
"Sire of the Morning, hail, be praises given
To Thee, who dost th' eternal bliss prolong
Lift up your gates, ye skies, His smile to win,
For, lo, the King of Glory would come in!"

Then suddenly, o'er battlements aerial,
Where floating isles, imparadised above,
In middle air diffused their beams imperial,
Soft ether-nations chanted, in sweet love,
"Lift up your gates, ye atmospheres, within
All Heavens; the King of Glory would come in!"

Then, momently, the rose-flushed mist of ocean
Dissolved, and, o'er the luminous clear seas,
Lifting aloft their song's divinest motion,
The dwellers of those glad Hesperides
Sang, "Ope your gates, ye floods, the song begin
For, lo, the King of Glory would come in!"

Thereat, the under-ocean's youths and daughters,
Who, for their mystic paradise, possess
The sapphire dome beneath the solar waters,
That fluid airs, skies, seasons, aye caress;

Sang, "Lift your gates, ye shores; let all things win
His praise; the King of Glory would come in!"

The shepherds sang on the aerial mountains,
"Praise Him who leads through space His starry sheep.
His mercies brim the cloud and lift the fountains,
And He His flock in life will ever keep.
Lift up thy gates, O sun, the song begin;
For, lo, the King of Glory would come in!"

Young lovers came, youth hand-in-hand with maiden,
And looked adoring rapture from their eyes;
And pulsing forth sweet joy, as once, in Aidenn,
Sang the first pair, their hymn they bade arise:
"Lift up your gates, O love, the song begin;
For, lo, the King of Glory would come in!"

These sacred purities, they stood transfigured,
Each in the other's most refulgent smile.
Eternity, in one full bliss, prefigured
Their images from heart to heart the while;
And still they sang, "Ope, love, thy gates; begin
His praise; the King of Glory would come in!"

And some were clad in the wave's liquidescence,
And some in odour-robes of every sweet;
Others with gemmed and fiery irridescence,
As of the souls of flowers from head to feet;
Singing, "Lift up your gates, O love, begin
His praise; the King of Glory would come in!"

As Youth and Morning lean to clasp each other,
And worship in the confluence of their sphere,
Soul-mate to soul-mate turned, brother to brother,
By sacred sympathy and joy made near;
And sang, "Your gates uplift, O love, begin
His praise; the King of Glory shall come in!"

Ye who interrogate the aspirations,
That struggle up, through mystery and fear,
To fall and perish midst the desolations
Of time and change; ye who the faith revere,
That paints the future, what the soul would see
In our sad age, the solidarity

And brotherhood of all terrestrial races,
Pervaded by one life of Love Supreme;
Behold, and, while the muse with rapture traces
The glorious pageant, suffer not the dream—

If dream it be—to vanish, as the wrack
Of clouds, dissolving in the tempest's track.

Take heart, take hope! Creeds, customs, institutions,
Wrought from the cloud and madness of the mind,
Founded by Hate, 'scape not the retributions;
They perish, and but ruin leave behind.
Earth, Nature, man, survive. Imperial Ill
Is builder of his own mausoleum still.

Reformers fail, because they change the letter,
And not the spirit, of the world's design.
Tyrant and slave create the scourge and fetter;
As is the worshipper will be the shrine.
The ideal fails, though perfect were the plan:
World-harmony springs through the perfect man.

We burn out life, in hot, impatient striving;
We dash ourselves upon the hostile spears:
The bale tree, that our naked hands are riving,
Unites to crush us. Ere our manhood's years
We sow the rifled blossoms of the prime,
Then fruitlessly are gathered out of time.

We seek to change souls all unripe for changes:
We build upon a treacherous human soil

Of moral quicksand, and the world avenges
Its crime upon us, while we vainly toil.
In the black coal-pit of the popular heart
Rain falls, light kindles, but no flowers upstart.

Know this! For men of ignoble affection,
The social scheme that is, were better far
Than the orbed sun's most exquisite perfection;
Man needs not heaven till he revolves, a star.
Why seek to win the mad world from its strife?
Grow perfect in the sanity of life.

Grow perfect! bide thy time! in thine own being,
Solve, by an actual test, the problems vast,
That vex mankind; and, if the years are fleeing,
Wait patiently. Backward the shadow passed
Once at a prophet's word, and may for thee;—
Nay, will, if thou from self art perfect-free.

Be chaste! be true! be wholly consecrated
To virgin right! So shall thy soul unchain
The powers that for the perfect man have waited.
Though thought and instinct fail, bear every pain,
Till thy resolving elements are free
From the dread curse thy fathers cast on thee.

New heavens of light shall dawn, the mind enskying;
Age shall decease, and youth revive the frame;
And, from the desert where men thought thee dying,
Thou shalt return, flushed with celestial flame.
But even then, with gentlest motion, stir
The corpses of the world's dread sepulchre.

Move as the air moves, rich with summer spice,
O'er fields of tropic bloom, and wheresoever
Thou meetest hearts self-locked in arctic ice,
Know, that they will repay thy kind endeavour,
With many a shaft of malice, sent to kill
The gentle nations of thy innocent will.

Seek only those who pine, in love's transfusion,
To pour themselves into the world's great life,
As sunshine through the summer's green seclusion;
As music, when its haunting powers are rife,
Through all pure instruments and voices sweet:
Thou shalt attract them, as the Summer's heat

Calls bloom into the woodlands; but if none
Rejoice at thy sweet coming, lift not up
Thy voice; infold thy beams, thou human sun;
Pour not thy wine, O rapture-brimming cup.

God waits, and Nature waits, and so should'st thou;
Full oft thy silent presence is enow.

What if thy tropic soul keep long in blossom!
It feeds with spice the wild winds wandering by.
God's breath, impulsing through thy sacred bosom,
Shall stir full many a heart with ecstasy.
Not powerless thou, unheard, unseen; for so,
Still and invisible, the angels go.

All honour to the Preacher's glorious mission!
When Desolation stalks along the land;
When Death, and Hate, and every dire perdition
Slaughter mankind, with new-forged dart and brand;
And sunken cities of old crime arise,
In thought's mad ocean, towering to the skies;—

When the whole world seems verging to a crisis;
When natural reason owns its impotence;
When the thin tremulous mist of sense uprises;
When the pent bosom-gulf of man's pretence
Leaps open; when disguise no more avails,
And, from its own decay, the bosom quails;—

When men no more are lulled by oratory;
When those who coasted still, with sabbath song,

Religion's shore, and Faith's high promontory,
By unknown hurricanes are swept along;
When fear smites down the nations to their knees,
Earth ripens for such sacred ministries.

When the world's wounds gape widely, and none staunch
The riven heart; when Science at its post
Reels blinded; when the mountain avalanche
Of utter, hopeless fear, piles every coast
Of human nature; when the airy hall
Of the world's breath burns like some fiery pall;—

When respiration, the soft frame's delight,
Becomes a titan's toil; when Earth's disease,
Which now is on the cheek, a hectic blight,
And in the sense, a lax luxurious ease,
Changes its aspect, and to frenzies dire
Lashes the brain, as with a scourge of fire;—

When the best suffer most, because they hold
With Ill full many a sanctioned compromise
When but to pray requires a strife untold;
When the heart wakes, and, as a prophet, cries
Through the soul's wilderness, where desert sand
Chokes many a temple of God's ancient land;—

When the huge masses, wise, or strong, or gifted,
Who held but faith as custom, cast the dress
Of worship and belief, and, with uplifted
Vain-glorious thought serve the idolatress,
Self love; and, conquering conscience and its fear,
To fatuous Reason her new temples rear;—

When, rapidly, the world of thought and feeling,
In Christendom and Heathendom divides;
When Good and Evil, to dread Heaven's appealing,
Leap forth, as sun-fires or volcano-tides;
And sharp antipathies awake, that split
The home, the hearth, with tortures infinite;—

When all that dread, invisible force of passion,
Which makes Man, man, for gladness or for woe,
No longer pent by custom, faith, or fashion,
Whelms the world's order, and, with fiery throe,
Those, mightiest in love or its reverse,
Uplift the blessing, or invoke the curse;—

When, in a word, man's inner self grows stronger
Than all that veils it from the casual sight;
When Nature will her sorrows hide no longer,
Nor the Throned Martyr suffer with the right;

But, loosening the swift lightnings of His breath,
Bids them prevail, with ecstasy or death;—

Then dawns the hour for thee, O Love's pure vestal!
Rise, o'er Earth's east, thou daystar of swift beams!
O'erbrim thy heart, pure vase of living crystal,
O'erbrim thyself with the immortal streams.
Go not before thy time, but for it wait;
Enter the world, when God flings ope the gate.

But, if not thine to wield the glittering sabre
Of keenest thought, thy work shall not delay.
How beautiful is that harmonious labour,
Which follows where God's breathing raptures play.
The curse removed from toil, with new found bliss,
Beauty and Love renew Earth's dim abyss.

Lo, man, revived, goes forth, an incarnation
Of God's pure order, in the natural sphere:
Whate'er his work, 'tis wrought by inspiration:
Sweet Nature clasps him to her heart most dear:
Her jocund powers go bounding through his nerves,
Since, serving man, she her kind Master serves.

We heap up riches for some unknown stranger;
The homes we rear shall alien owners find;

We gather, at the cost of toil and danger,
For prodigals to cast upon the wind;
And many a hireling eats us up, before
The decorous mourners gather at the door.

Or, sitting down with luxury surrounded,
We doze, we dream, we trifle and repine.
Where are the hopes that thrilled us while we bounded,
With youth and joy, beneath the morning-shine?
The fires burn out upon the hearth of love;
The cold earth saddens from the pall above.

We are the bankrupts of the years; possession
Brings weariness, upon the lip that cloys.
To spectres change the radiant procession
Of Hopes, Ambitions, Victories, and Joys.
They who are called the "happiest of men,"
Scarcely would crave to live their lives again.

Not so, I ween, those whom we saw, beholding,
With warmer flames of heart, the day's ascent;
Natures, from love, in purity unfolding,
Ripen for ever, with divine content.
The lovely Past weeps in no widow's weeds;
Nor, as a ghost, Futurity succeeds.

PART V.

ARGUMENT.

The priestess of the Sun; Mysteries of her existence. Revelations of womanhood. Woman enslaved through the fall. Hereditary transmissions of evil. Infinitude of the Divine Love. The Divine Love incarnate in Christ. The love of Christ for man. His reappearing in the human spirit and frame, with gifts of life, respiration, and harmony. Christ the re-creator of the spirit and the soul. Christ the prospective Saviour and Deliverer of Nature. The victory of Love. The ancient battles of Freedom, her divinity, her deathlessness, her sufferings. The new Freedom of the new life. Greece, Italy, France, and America, old and new. Ravages wrought on the works of Freedom by ancient oppressors. Causes of the decline of ancient Freedom. A Divine respiration, the last hope of Freedom. The triumphs of Freedom in the coming of the Lord. Ideal Society, a form of the Divine harmony. Mysteries of respiration. The natural breath incapable of Divine inspiration. The fallen breath of fallen man. The day of burning. The anathema of evil. Men on earth to breathe in unison with the solar races, in love, purity, and immortality.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART V.

Clad in soft robes of woven efflorescence,
Thee, Heliodora, priestess of the Sun,
I saw. The beamy raptures of thy presence
Were in me as a second soul. The One
Who fills earth's multitudes with living fires,
That burn, transmuted, in all high desires,

Made her His oracle. I listened, lowly,
As some meek violet of that vestal sod.
The Pantheon of her nature opened slowly
Its gates of purity, and lo, the God,
Whose rushing presence did the shrine infill!
She spake, if that be speech which sways the will,

As voiceless winds the flowers; her luminous eyes
Transpierced with arrowy beams my frame, and fed
My heart's heart with unuttered harmonies
Of truth, to love, in power, divinely wed.
Her sacred person shone more bright, meanwhile,
Than the morn's radiance o'er some Indian isle.

Like Nature's self she stood, of self divested,
As self is known since self from Love did fall;
A solar Eve, refulgently invested
With every grace of Nature's perfect all.
From the wave-motions of her mystic hand
Arched many a rainbow, o'er my brows to stand.

Her lips breathed forth enraptured emanations
Of glowing air, with subtlest love entwined:
Responsive to their sway the innocent nations
Of joy, desire, hope, reverence, that the mind
Possess, grew instinct with the perfect fire
Of poesy; and many an airy choir,

And winged synod, children of the heart,
From that delight arose; till every sense
Was inly vocal, as the white clouds part,
To feed with dews the Spring's fresh innocence,
Till every jewelled cup fills every vein
Of leaf, and bud, and flower, with that soft rain.

Her person bodied forth that perfect world
Wherein she stood resplendent; earth and sea,
And floating airy isles, with mist impearled,
And lucid airs of heaven's full harmony,

Born to a second life, in her became
Attendant genii, moving, in her frame.

For as the world's glad soul flings, through the planet
And its primeval fires, a floral robe;
And draws from every star the beams that fan it,
With wingèd lightnings, till the virgin globe
Smiles in fresh splendour of unwasting prime;
And man, the monarch, rises there sublime;

So, dowered with no dread gifts of ills ancestral,
Through the dim woven veils of being wrought,
Her living soul, thrice holy, ever vestal,
Mirrored the perfect form of God's pure thought;
By purity its life to interfuse
With the fair universe, and thus diffuse

A breathing joy, in all things, making fairer
All that is clasped in Nature's ardent zone;
Teaching the very elements a rarer
And finer virtue than is first their own:—
Imperial gifts of womanhood most fair
Fed with their charms the orb, and all things there.

Woman was not a slave when Adam met her;
Ah, such as this thy mother might have been.

Alas, she wrought the sceptre to the fetter;
And cowered, the slave, who first uprose, the queen.
Death clasps us ever with contracting ring:
Our birth-mark, lo, it is the serpent's sting!

Transmuting life to slow consuming poison,
Man's mortal soul, that bears the curse along,
Transmits decay, that universal foison
Which man begets, enamoured of the wrong.
The spirit may touch God, and live for ever;
Its natural mind and soul receive Him never.

This the dread mystery, that makes the pages
Of prophet and apostle swim with tears.
Thus death renews itself; the palsied ages
In their blind dotage heap the funeral biers.
Beyond the chymic art, the magic skill,
The fiat, "dust to dust," is victor still.

And yet no ill is cureless, none so weighty
But that a balm of healing can be found.
Love, we aspire to Thee, Lord God Almighty;
Thou didst in triumph tread these deeps profound.
Love is almighty: lo, His word o'ercame
Ill, and dark death, engendered from its frame.

Love, thou art God! He is no idle dreamer,
Who through Thy rising reads earth's mystic scroll.
We wait thy time in patience, great Redeemer!
And, if we scorn this merciless control,
The hopes Thou feedest are as prophets wise.
Earth is a tomb—its Lazarus shall rise!

Love loves the earth, ay, loves, though desecrated,
This mortal frame, this rifled Eden still:
I know, though it were doubly, trebly fated
To dissolution, He its vase can fill,—
Can shed reviving splendours from His face,—
Bid Nature lift us from the grave's embrace.

And what if Love Himself, who wore our human,
Shall wondrously within our frames appear,
And, by His word that struck out man and woman,—
As light and heat the splendours of the sphere,—
Within the beaming radiance of His eyes,
Weave a new essence for the soul that dies.

Ay, what if Love loosens the bosom rivers
Of life within His own infinity,
And overwhelms the hosts of fires and fevers,
That in us but for death and pain agree;

Then, where they dwelt, bids a new earth come down,
While the new heavens cast at His feet their crown!

'Tis said that once, over the blue Ægean,
Swept wailingly the chorus, "Pan is dead!"
Angels, meanwhile, chanted the glorious pæan;
Love thrilled the human globe; Love's Martyr shed
Through earth to its quick heart, in every vein,
Of Nature, with an infinite sweet pain

Of yearning tenderness, an essence rare,
That mingles now even with meanest things.
I know that Nature hopes some day to wear
Raiment befitting daughter of old kings
And genii of the suns, who roll sublime
In their fire chariots, o'er the steeps of time.

I know that all things good hate this dissension,
This war of opposites, fullest felt by those
Whose spirits follow the One Love's ascension,
While the dim brain is vexed by voiceless throes,
And the lungs labour up the steeps of breath,
To breathe His spirit who abolished death.

Victory! victory! for the trampled nations,
Now pale and ghastly as the dying moon.

Love's chosen ones shall win bright habitations,
Passing, through many a long funereal swoon,
To second health. Love bore this cruel smart,
And Love removes the birth-curse from the heart.

Round this high theme I linger, touching it,
As one who coasts a mighty unknown land,
Of youth, and grace, and splendour infinite,
By tropic heavens embraced and overspanned.
Thou poor afflicted frame, there's hope for thee;—
When heaven meets earth, time clasps eternity.

Freedom may dwell in deserts, and rejoice;
Freedom, enslaved, may keep her life divine;
Freedom, though dumb, makes silence all her voice;
Freedom, though shrineless, forms her heart a shrine;
Freedom, though housed in darkness and decay,
Strews it with blossoms, arches it with day.

But lo, when she, who dwelt in caverns lonely,
Comes forth to the new soul, her dwelling place,
No more to see her fair ideal only
In the Heaven's wonders, but in Earth's new grace;
When she, who found full oft a dungeon tomb,
Views it, a paradise of sinless bloom;—

How will she triumph in her revelations,
And work her magic, and unfold her charm!
How arch her thought for heaven above the nations
How smile at Ill that has no power to harm!
Fought she with Crime, on the bleak mountain's crest?
How will she reign, of fruitful plains possest!

Great, glorious, godlike, Freedom, was thy spirit,
When thou didst nerve thy patient will, to rise
From each successive grave that nations 'herit,
Meeting, with new-born powers, new tyrannies.
Greece, Florence, France, America, by turns,
Each was thy fane; each to its dust returns.

But mightier, greater, ay, more godlike, thou,
When more than Greece, Italia, France are found,
In minds that for thee lift the mountain brow
Of purest thought, o'er error's dim profound;
While, in the fixed embrace of God's new fate,
That mind's pure home holds its imperial state.

Room for great deeds! Come, from your secret spaces,
Ye elements of substance, air and fire:
No more the gradual dark high morn displaces;
No more the temple shall become the pyre.

Greece, Florence, France,—on these thy robe but fell;
In the new man thy heart, life, power, must dwell.

Oh, with what bursts of dissonant shrill clamour,
The world's mad anarchs ravaged once thy soil.
How fell the ponderous mace, the iron hammer,
Shattering the trophies of immortal toil.
How to the corpse, that lived but in thy flame,
With priest and king the swarming larvæ came.

Why fell thine ancient fortresses, the towers
Thy myriad hands uplifted to the sky?
Summer is saved not by her countless flowers,
Nor Beauty by the spells that lure the eye.
Thy glorious Titans thou couldst not replace;
One son of thine strove, triumphed, for a race.

The fire consumes with subtlest heat the brand;
High natures rapidly must wear away.
The sun, that wreathes the rainbow o'er the land,
Scatters the arch wherethrough its ardours play.
Died Pericles; then Athens quenched her light.
Died Cromwell; Albion ceased to serve the right.

For still, O Freedom, thou wert ever playing
Against thy foe a most unequal game.

The years, the elements, with time decaying,
Quenched thine anointed; thronging millions came,
Innumerous, many-billowed as the sea,
For one whom thou didst make a Titan free.

And thine were few, as noblest things are rarest;
And theirs were many, as profuse the base:
And thine were transient, briefest still the fairest;
And theirs aye lasting; for the marble grace
Hardly survives the earthquake's cruel shock,
But the huge boulder is the same rude rock.

Ay, things that are most priceless briefly flourish:
But Evil lives a slow enduring life.
Art sees her glorious hues, her sculptures perish,—
Aions of labour in a day of strife.
Vainly one pitying voice cries "Spare, oh, spare!"
Millions the spoil of murdered beauty share.

A whole world deaf,—few with the listening ear:
A whole world voiceless,—here and there a tongue:
A whole world blind,—once in an age the seer:
A whole world old,—a few for ever young:
A whole world locked in frozen sleep supine:
A few who watch: Freedom, those few are thine!

In men, who breathe from Love's new inspiration,
Is thy last hope, O Freedom! thou dost see
Thy shrines profaned by many an incantation
Of fraud, lust, hate, and dire impiety.
Till then the children of thy house betray;
Thy flock bear tigers, and become their prey.

Till then no faith, but serves thy fierce oppressor;
No priesthood, but, when base occasion serves,
Shall hurl anathemas at each redresser;
No state, but from the pure ideal swerves.
A commonwealth of heroes, just and true,—
Not one alone,—thine empire shall renew.

The press, what is it, wielded by the venal?
What equal suffrage, with the people blind?
The tyrant "Demos" dooms, to bondage penal,
All who the larvæ of the heart would bind.
The frenzy of the millions, fiercely stirred,
Abates not, till Incarnate Freedom gird

His sword upon the thigh, and conquering rides,
In flamy chariots of love's atmosphere,
Omnipotent to slay the parricides,
Who murder all that holiest saints revere:

Till then, they beat the ploughshare to the chain:
At Freedom's banquet, Freedom's self is slain.

But Nature breathes divinest consolation:
Lo, Paradise blooms at the gates of hell!
Love holds her virgin soul from defloration:
Freedom, thou liv'st, at Love's dear heart as well;
Experienced by long toil and many woes;
Unwasted now as when thy star uprose.

What is the State, as the One Love designed it?
'Tis more than equal rights and equal laws.
In the Sun's commonwealth the muse shall find it.
For monarch we behold the Great First Cause,
Ruling, with most direct and personal sway:
While freedom there is freedom to obey.

The State is based and built on inspirations;
No lives in darkling counter-currents run;
God breathes in all their pure, sweet respirations;
Therefore the many think, feel, act, as one.
Were man on earth to breathe as truly free,
All would rejoice in one full harmony.

We pause, with sudden stops of natural breath,
When thought and feeling scale the higher chords.

We almost hold the body in a death,
When we, from self's poor service, seek the Lord's;
And, in suspended respiration, still
Unloose the reason, disenthrall the will.

The many breathe the sordors Nature casts
Forth from her taintless body; they inhale
The miasms of air; which, did not blasts
And whirlwinds permeate and cleanse, would fail
To serve their baser needs, but smite the sense
With idiocy, with plague, and pestilence.

On Nature's grand Olympus wait the graces,
Who pour the nectar of the atmosphere.
Swift wingèd airs, that cleave the hidden spaces
Of the world's bosom, for the feast draw near.
Oh, wondrous are the winds, that subtly move,
Serving the Breath, the Spirit, who is Love.

The lungs, with natural choice, drain from the beakers
Of the winged genii, as their loves desire;
For still man's faculties are pleasure-seekers,
Moved by the instincts of their separate fire.
Each draws the essence to itself most fit;
And, when the breaths have on the lungs alit,

They knit us to our ends; they make us free
Of the wide commonwealth that is our choice.
The patriot breathes and strikes for Liberty;
The joyous breathe, and doubly they rejoice;
The miser breathes, and gripes his gold more fast.
Where the white horses of the breath have passed,

The act becomes necessity; we breathe,
And vice or virtue with each breath are born.
Doth pleasure with convolving passion wreathe?
The giddy dancers, whirl they on till morn?
The bosom is the festal chamber, where
All natural powers for all their work prepare.

The best must breathe from Nature's purest essence;
But here the strife. The latent birth-disease,
Since man first fled from Love's benignant presence,
And Nature barred him from her harmonies,
Has organized itself, in powers malign;
Foes to great Love, and to His breath divine.

Therefore is growth not simply evolution:
The evil genii of each natural soul,
Are only conquered where fierce revolution
Smites at the self, and spurns its dire control.

Dawns the new birth upon thy heart, O man?
God breáthed within thee, and that birth began.

Few are beholders of the unseen splendours
Of truth's ideal world; few care for them.
The natural soul in fantasy surrenders
For cap and bells, the rood and diadem.
Circe transforms the instincts once divine;
Love's image perishes, and they are swine.

That phrase, "the swinish multitude," declares,
In term most fit, what men are by their greeds.
Are these Love's progeny and Nature's heirs?
Is this a son, on vilest dross who feeds?
Who knows himself will weep till self is slain;
Till then, Love's mightiest labours are but vain.

But something mightier than these poor vapours,
These corpse-lights of creation, works above.
True souls, that gleam as sanctuary tapers,
Burn from within, and, by their splendour, prove
That One is ever present in the frame,
Whose leapings forth were atmospheres of flame.

Ah, welcome, welcome, to the day of burning!
Hence loathly Evil, hence; no more infest!

God first inspires, with agonies of yearning,
To be of every evil dispossest.
"Who can touch God and live?" cries man, the clod.
Nay, who would live unless heart-knit to God?

Hence, loathly Evil! Many a blighted mystic,
Wrought to an ecstasy of agony,
Has fled from man, or sought, with cabalistic
Charm and device, to pierce the mystery.
"Hence, loathly Evil," holiest men have cried;
Yet battling lived, and, in the conflict, died.

Hence, loathly Evil, pestilence, consuming
The springing joy, the freshness and delight;
Blackness of darkness, clasping and entombing
Art, virtue, freedom, holiness and right!
Our hearts, like bubbles, break and are at rest;
Thy swelling waves o'erleap the orb's dim crest.

Hence, loathly Evil! Let the kingdoms perish;
Ay, let humanity itself expire,
If still humanity, at heart, will cherish
Madness and chaos and infernus dire.
Let Innocence prevail, e'en though it cost
A race extinguished, and a planet lost.

Hence, loathly Evil.—Evil hears and trembles.
The Spirit's yearning is a prophecy.
Consumption with its hectic flush dissembles;
But, lo, the ulcerated lungs will die.
Pride, hate, and lust, the hectic flush disclose;
The world's cheek crimsons with the deathbed rose.

I hear, methinks, the ominous death-rattle.
The breathing system of humanity
Respires no more; men fall, but not in battle;
A solemn pall is this resplendent sky.
Bury the dead, then flee the loathsome land:
Consumption's hectic shows the doom at hand.

Till then, let all things ripen for decease;
The brazen wheels grind on with hateful sound;
(And ye who suffer, give yourselves to peace.)
Voices are heard through Heaven's divine profound,
"Abhorrèd Evil, hence!" and, when they fail,
The stars, with mightier octaves, shall prevail.

In the bright Sun they breathe full draughts of pleasure;
Through the heart's heart the aspirations roll.
How leaps the sea its giant strength to measure
With the curved shores, its tide that would control!

O breath of God, O sea without a shore,
Thy power they taste, and live for evermore!

So Heliodora's thought, through mine that darted,
  Illuming it as morning with its beams,
O'er earth, that grave of purities departed,
  Cast a foreboding splendour; hence my themes,
Heavenward that smile,—a world of virgin bloom,—
Earthward are dark, and terrible with doom.

PART VI.

ARGUMENT.

A Maiden in the Sun. The Solar Egypt. Solar harmonies opposed to earthly desolations. Prophecies from the Sun. Approaching ruin of Christendom. Incoming of the last plagues. Judgment of the trading classes. Epitaph of the corrupt natural soul. Crimes wrought through the natural soul. Self-deification of the natural soul. Adjuration to the winds, to the sun, moon, and stars. Adjuration to the flowers. Divine reasons for the presence and benignity of Nature. The Divine Joy; its immortality. The false Pleasure, mortal. The Divine Joy veiled in sorrow, revealed in Nature, and ministering to man. The primeval palace of the human heart, mind, and frame. That palace beleaguered and defaced by Evil, but prospectively rebuilt. The evil natural soul destroyed as a traitor. The palace re-entered and possessed by the Divine Joy. The fairies of the palace. New heavens and earths in the human soul and frame. The new natural soul of man prefigured in prophecy; her coming to the human frame; her terrible and glorious mission. The new mankind. Joys of the new man, in the inflowing and outgiving of Divine life. Half service, no service. The Divine path, its safety and splendour. New poesy. New Divine passions. The Divine Joy in the new human paradise.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART VI.

Come thou again, and listen to my singing.
The soft sky smiles, and lovely is the mere.
Are thy blue veins pierced where the asp was stinging?
Poor soul, poor wanton, I will strew thy bier.
Cæsar, Mark Antony,—their hours gone by,—
Mistress of Egypt, hear my strain, and die.

In the great sun I saw a blooming maiden,
As Egypt's woman-genius trebly fair.
She breathed; the humid elements were laden
With odours, feeding with warm bliss the air;
And when she smiled, her smile its forms did take,
As tremulous water-lilies of the lake.

She said, "The orient palm-trees thrill and quiver;
The Syrian airs in dreamy languor swoon;
The crimson skies flush o'er the yellow river,
Till white-armed maiden clouds, to veil the noon,
Sprinkle the atmosphere with dews, that all,
Softly, as kisses on tired eyelids, fall.

"But where my fathers dwell, of giant stature,
With Titan thought upon that fervid plain,
Working in breath-play, animate by Nature,
They have suspended many a glorious fane,
In hollow air, and, in their halls, untold
Wonders of magic, from the ages old."

The rivers of man's thought shall turn to blood:
The larvæ of his evil hates shall come,—
A wingèd, pestilential multitude,—
And eat the natural soul, their sensuous home.
In this dread death all things shall sympathise;
The stars look as with beams of dying eyes.

The moon shall glide as 'twere the pallid ghost
Of some lost maniac girl, that haunts the verge
Of the wan sky; black midnight shall the host
Of death-plumed heaven drive with his windy scourge.
The curtains of the revel thus withdrawn,
Death shall come naked in the clear, cold dawn.

As with a bodily presence, he shall press
His chill, white breast, out through the airy ocean.
Ice-fingers, with a tingling silentness,
Shall clasp the heart, and paralyse the motion.

Swords idly fall, though in the combat crossed;
Great armies fail, as flowers cut down by frost.

Cities shall be abandoned to the dead,
Until the streets are as a wilderness.
Where now the giddy pleasure-seekers tread,
The very world, coiled back to nothingness,
Shall leave a desert, where the evil Past,
In Lethe's brim, sees but himself aghast.

Where palaces rose like an exhalation,
Built by the patient genii of the lamp;
And, drunk with vintage of abomination,
Trade's glutted mercenaries held their camp,
The breath-winds enter, the breath-sabres gleam.—
Ask, what remains? ghosts in their funeral dream.

Thou to thy tomb shalt not lie down alone,
Poor fleshly soul, for time's magnificence,
An evil pageant, on thy youth that shone,
And shared thy prime, shares thy last impotence.
This purple splendour round thy limbs, fond slave,
Filled with thy taint, with thee, must find the grave.

"Here Carthage was," exclaimed the conquering Roman.
Ye winds, that war against earth's deadly curse,

How will ye waste the harlequin, the showman,
The void and hollow century;—how disperse
Its "stuff that dreams are made of;" then speed on,
To sum the ruin, as a bubble gone.

Poor Mortal Soul, thy epitaph shall be,
"The Prodigal of Nature crumbles here;
The slave of slaves, he toiled, born kingly free;
The fool of fools, he jested to his bier.
Rose Venus in her wave borne shell impearled?
Blue space laughed round him, cradled in a world.

"That world he toyed with, as a boor carouses
In a king's house, 'midst Phidian shapes divine;
As flames, that work their will in cedarn houses;
Or drunken satyrs, that tear up the vine.
The stream of life, touched by his venomed will,
Broke forth in pestilence, the world to fill.

"He was the painted fool and ape of reason,
And knew the seemings and the shams alone:
His thought was anarchy; his deeds were treason;
He wrought Love's grave; he builded Hatred's throne.
He, who had tasted Nature's virgin kiss,
Stung at her heart, with the foul viper's hiss.

"He had his victories, the race debasing;
His clansmen, the barbarians of the heart:
His pleasure, stupidly from time erasing
Genius, and the magnificence of art.
He had Religion too, miscalled, to make
All earth a hell, for superstition's sake.

"Yet, sometimes, as along the troubled river
Slides a brief smoothness, at the morn's uprise;
Or, momently, refulgent sunbeams quiver,
Fringing the dusky pall that veils the skies;
Or, as along the wintry world, may tread
One warm, live day, where all beside are dead;—

"So, gleams of method flickered through his madness:
His battle-wrath knew transient moods of peace;
His monstrous joy held a prophetic sadness;
His lunacies, remittently, would cease.
A wild, uncouth half-memory, in the place
Of prescient reason, sometimes lit his face.

"One art he also had, all else surviving,
A dangerous gift, twin brother to deceit:
What though dread throes his secret self were riving,
Still he would smile, and seem as summer sweet.

Then he for very pain could almost die,
Yet ape all vigour, such his mimicry.

"He taught his harlots to put on the vestal;
His demagogues as patriots to appear.
Dark creeds he shrined in words of gleaming crystal;
He knew with every wind of time to veer;
And taught his trick to language, as a sail
For ever flexile to the shifting gale.

"There was no coin he could not counterfeit;
His specious smile gilded with gold the brass.
Even the smoke of the infernal pit,
Seen through his mirrors of prismatic glass,
Seemed rainbow after rainbow, and as hosts
Of seraphim, those base apostate ghosts.

"Is summer sweet? he taught decay its sweetness.
Is morning bright? he gave to gloom its smile.
Hath virtue hope in heaven's divine completeness?
That hope he stole for men of utter guile;
And, as in rest and peace the good expire,
He charmed the base, on, to eternal fire.

"First he tore out the heart from living things;
Then bred an ape or serpent in its place:

These were his puppets,—warriors, pontiffs, kings:
To mate them he designed a subtler race,
Drove the high heart of woman from her cell,
And there bade Circe and Medusa dwell.

"He stung them with the larvæ of his fancies,
To breed their brilliant robes, of airy dyes
That they might seem, to men who feel their glances,
Poised o'er the hours like human butterflies.
To work their ends he housed the poor in caves—
One Sybarite requires a thousand slaves.

"For them he fashioned many a frenzied revel,
And danced among them, till the game was o'er;
And then he summoned moths and worms, to level
The chambers of the flesh, while he for more
Victims and votaries wrought the same old guiles;
Coaxing, like ocean to its gulf, with smiles.

"He could be Momus, with side-splitting laughter;
A jovial Bacchus, leaf-crowned with his vine;
A Prophet, painting, on the dim hereafter,
An endless carnival, miscalled 'Divine';
And still, to wishful maid, or dreamy boy,
Hold out the apple of the serpent's joy.

"Sum up his deeds in one: he wrought perdition,
For man and woman, wheresoe'er he trod.
Sorceries extinguished the anointed vision,
Whereby, through purity, man looks to God.
Fool-wise, and subtle only to betray,
Let him sleep on, till all his works decay."

Base Mortal Soul, this is thy condemnation:
Thy ends were centred in thy own delight.
With fatal logic, hence, to sect and nation,
Thou didst for interest plead, and not for right.
What matters it whether we live or die,
If God's good ends are better served thereby?

The one true faith is self-renunciation.
Whate'er we do, first put the self aside.
God had His ends to serve in our creation:
With God, and not with self, let us abide.
Self to her place,—leave Circe with the swine,—
Ours the pure heaven of martyr-love Divine.

The world is false, because this mortal soul,
Self-known as pleasure, deems itself a god;
Enslaves the spirit to its base control,
Makes that a fiend, which first an angel trod

And, dying meanly, in its evil time,
First tempts the' immortal to the deeper crime.

Flee, ye pure North winds, to your Arctic silence;
Bury your grief in hyperborean gloom.
And haste, sweet South, beyond the tropic islands,
Where undeflowered Nature yet may bloom.
Man breathes contagion, from the lust and guile
Within him, your soft raiment to defile.

Avert thy face, O sun, from middle heaven;
Draw back the virgin ardours from our globe.
Stars of the night, recall your splendours given.
Thou vestal moon, infold, in thy white robe,
Thy gentle emanations; hence, away!
God through you looks by night, God looks by day.

Or, close your burning eyes. Why should they centre
In tenderness ineffable, to light
This mortal stage, where painted monarchs enter,
Arraigning still the true and sovereign Right.
Did Love reveal Himself to this sad race?
It scourged Him; ay, it spat upon His face.

Ye flowers, that lead your innocent processions,
Round the dim world for ever, infinite

Your mystery; are ye living intercessions,
Veiled in soft odour, that on earth have lit,
That so, when crushed beneath man's careless feet,
Prayers may arise, for ever pure and sweet?

Ye flowers, man hears you not; he gaily dresses
Himself, for Belial's service, from your spoil;
And, if ye comfort still, with dear caresses,
The starvelings of the nations, at their toil;
Yet, misinterpreted, your tender words
Pay tribute to each actress on the boards.

Ye flowers, ye touch, I know, the soul's pollution;
And, though your fragrant exhalations fly,
Yet ye must shudder, almost in transfusion
Of your sweet breath, with bosomed Crime to die.
Ye Purities Divine, so beauteous wrought,
Fly the profaning touch,—not found when sought!

Or, lily, take a voice, since earth is shameless.
Thou too, O rose, reveal to curious eyes,
And careless hearts, that but for self were aimless,
The Nemesis within thy mysteries.
Or rise, Great Truth, mount the fire-breathing horse,
Avenge thy purity's bloom-hidden corpse.

One sees the mansion built for other guests,
The hanging gardens of the painted sky,
The household altars on the mountain crests,
The silver censers of the galaxy;
The servants, powers clad with the solar fire,
Swift seasons, ministering to pure desire.

Is a veiled Monarch, clad with green and golden
Vestures of nature, bounteous and all-kind,
Who only hath His perfect face withholden,
Present, these flying seasons to unbind?
And what, if some day, when red-handed Sin
Heaps the high banquet, Jesus shall come in!

Is this the reason why the starry lances
Pierce not the Earth's poor heart? Do hill and vale
Still wear their broidered bloom, because He glances
Gently upon them, lest their life should fail?
Leads He, from scale to scale, the struggling tone;
Till perfect harmony uprear His throne?

Joy is immortal! Not one creature faileth,
Whom the Pure Joy pervades, upholds, inspires.
Sorrow alone, a waning meteor, paleth;
All she inherits on her bier expires.

Discord recedes, from heaven, earth, air, and sea:
Nature's new birth-name is "Tranquility."

Joy is immortal; but thou, poor, false Pleasure,
Thy transient madness is the glow-worm's light.
O Joy, great harper, thy full octaves measure
But the eternal marches of the Right;
And the true Pleasure, the new soul shall own,
Clings at thy lip, to breathe God's breath alone.

Joy is immortal; but she veils in sorrow,
Full oft, her vast, uplifted, regal form.
She too, though purely, doth illusion borrow.
Saw ye her mantle? on its fringe the storm.
Heard ye the music of her flying feet?
Round it the thunder-bolts their lightnings meet.

Joy is immortal! In her voice are singing
The bridal birds of Eden; Nature smiles,
Her bower-maiden, but sharp throes, upspringing,
In flamy spear-points, meet whate'er defiles,
In those she visits with her sacred glance;
While, in her breaths, God's battle-fires advance.

Joy is immortal! Friend, her presence claiming,
Fear not, though sacred Sorrow seem thy guest

Though memory rise, thy every ill proclaiming;
And yearnings move as earthquakes in the breast.
Lift up thy lip to hers; thou shalt not die;
Her lightning kiss burns with eternity.

Joy is immortal; in the vale of sorrow,
Start not affrighted at her grieving tone.
'Tis her pure magic from the world to borrow
Its agonies; her clasping arms are thrown
Round the sad spirit: Lo, new heaven upstarts,
When she her life triumphantly imparts.

But Joy, upon God's naked heart who slumbers,
Only as thou art godlike, can reveal
The soul of harmony in her deep numbers.
Moves she, the genius of the burning wheel,
Weaving love's purple for thy new attire?
'Twill pain thee still, till all of self expire.

She sees in thee full many an awful chasm,
Where passion's lava-fires their torrent sped.
Know, the heart's wounds close not, save in the spasm,
When the old self gasps, shudders, and is dead.
Would'st court her,—she who comes but to restore?
Shrink not, though first she probes into the core.

Is there a secret serpent, that entwineth
In the deep cavern whence desire is fed?
Is there a meteor-light, that falsely shineth,
In reason's awful canopy dispread?
Fear not to feel that worm's dissolving coil;
That meteor burst, strewing with wreck the soil.

God built the heart, the mind, a sumptuous palace,
Sublimely reared on Nature's mountain crest:
Around it, yet below, broad summer vallies;
Around it, yet above, the zodiac's breast;
Its wall, the ecliptic's ever-circling sword;
For song, warmth, atmosphere, His vocal Word.

Within its bases, slept, or served, the senses;
And the immortal's natural counterpart.
Long since our fathers shattered the defences,
And Evil warred with sorcery for his art.
Our empire narrowed to a single cell;
Beneath, around, above, our tyrants dwell.

Hark! Joy's loud clarion shakes the awful dwelling.
The Spirit thrills, like Lazarus in the dark,
At the great Voice, deliverance foretelling.
Hope, burning from its solitary spark,

Quivers, leaps up, and melts the massive bars;
Quenching the darkness, kindling to the stars.

Great Hope! Again what magic of sweet numbers!
The ruin, wrought by centuries of wrong,
She ends; unlocked from immemorial slumbers,
Reviving powers around their master throng.
In Love's new air, life's banner waves unfurled:
Up from the crypt, Joy leads us to her world.

And thou, old Mortal Soul, thou traitor hoary,
We bind thee, hand and foot, and cast thee down.
Thy hands, thy lips, from hatred's meal are gory;
Thine Belial's robe, and Lucifer's dread crown.
Back on thyself thy evil powers recoil;
Thou, once the spoiler, shalt be made a spoil.

Joy is immortal! She the mansion holdeth,
Clasping the spirit in her warm embrace.
All that is good she blissfully unfoldeth;
All that is evil vanisheth apace.
Nature, whom self had exiled from the frame,
Moves through the system, a restoring flame.

The primal Love, our father and our mother,
Unveils Himself where they have sped before.

From stars and sun the chemic atoms gather,
And substanced virtue, with new-spangled ore,
Wrought by the genii of the astral powers,
Rebuilds the heart's pure shrine, the reason's towers.

All that was ours by natural parentage
Leaves us, God-born, till virgin beauty sees
Her image, wrought in this new heritage;
And where, before, were Titan agonies,
Of hate, remorse, or fear, the pure embrace
Of Deity evokes a wondrous race

Of fairy people, innocent of ill,
The genii of the mind, whose vast expanse
Of flowery vale and orchard-bearing hill
Floats in the light beneath God's countenance;
And in the heart are new Hesperian isles,
Robed in soft bloom of endless bridal smiles.

"We touch God when we touch the human form,"
Novalis wrote, yet knew not what he spake.
Alas, the touch lets loose the passion-storm;
Or, from the rifled Eden, calls the snake;
Or, cruel wounds, all shrinkingly made bare,
Reveal their death, make known their murder there.

Thus of the old; yet true, with amplest meaning
When Joy pervades us with enkindling gleams;
And Nature leads us, on her bosom leaning,
To drink fresh life from the new morning-beams.
Leap then to heaven's divine, thou human globe!
God's heart pervades thee, and His powers enrobe.

'Tis evolution then, not revolution.
The perished mortal soul dissolves away.
A pause, then suddenly, a strange transfusion.
With airs and ardours of diviner day,
Taintless and innocent, the new-born grace
With beauty animates our earthly space.

Life sphered in life, new heavens and earths of being
Unfold, with many a beauteous Eden maze:
Each, in the other, Love's own image seeing,
Move, hand in hand, with interclasping rays;
Their motion that of God's new Heaven above;
Their service liberty, their essence love.

Pure soul, in sacred prophecy prefigured,
Perchance, Love's virgin martyr, she must go,
As moves the morn in orient light transfigured,
O'er burning sands and wastes of spectral snow:

For still this human frame she stoops to fill.
Keeps watch and ward against a world of ill.

And she must bare full oft her sacred bosom,
  And, with its naked purity, o'ercome
The poisoned blasts that rifle bud and blossom,
  That curse the temples and profane the home.
The radiant sun-bow kindles o'er her head;
But her white feet amid the serpents tread.

Ah, one by one, the sacred race, predicted,
  Shall glorify the planet. Lo, the veil
Of widowhood sweet Nature wore, afflicted,
  Is thrown aside! the promise did not fail;
Nor the great vision, hid for many days.—
Hear for thy life; the Word inspires my lays.

For ever to receive, and aye to give,
  Without one thought of self, the breathing ocean,
Wherein God's blessed creatures move and live;
  For ever to impulse Divine emotion;
For ever to respire, in one delight,
One liberty, with all who serve the right!—

To feel the spirit and its system grow
  One heaven, one paradise; beside the streams

Of God's eternal melody to go,
Attired in purity's warm bridal beams;
To feel the heart of the great globe along
The pulses move, with an unending song!—

To share with Joy a daily sacrament;
To look into Love's face without a fear;
To move as one upon Love's errand sent;
To rest upon Love's bosom, kind and dear;
To quench the wrong with Love's own bosom-fires;
To weave into a song its full desires!—

For bread, to seek alone the fruit that clusters
In full fruition, from that Love, the Vine;
To seek no light but in the radiant lustres
Of Love, the Word, the Sun, the Truth divine;
To feel Love's light, in all our glances move;
To hear Love's voice, our every task approve!—

This, this alone, were worth the pangs men fable
Prometheus, from the deathless vulture, bore:
Void of its promise, earth is all unstable,—
A meteor drifting to some fateful shore;
The mind an eyeball, orbed in utter gloom;
The heart an orphan, and its house a tomb.

He who serves self, serves a perfidious master:
No heart its single being can divide;
At once work Love's desire and Love's disaster;
Be the World's concubine and Heaven's fond bride;
Seek the abyss, in Hate's death-driven car;
Ascend the orient, in Love's morning star.

No pact, no treaty, then, with Powers of Evil!
If Love be God, to His full service rise.
Virtue and vice not equal, nor coeval;
Nor good and ill twin beams of Love's pure eyes.
No pact with tigers, on their prey that leap.
Lambs are ye? serve the Shepherd of the sheep.

If Love be God, His path 'twere safe to follow,
Though bridging chaos with a single hair.
Hard the World's heart, corrupt and base and hollow:
Love's guidance only holds us from despair.
Expedients ruin; compromises fail;
Love's martyrs, only, at the last prevail.

Led forth by Joy, on Wisdom's pilgrimage,
New Poesy begins th' eternal round,
Where never blighted youth, or blasted age,
Or the wrecked heart, or ruined mind, are found.

Wrought the old passions death and dire disease?
The new breathe vigour from God's harmonies.

And the New Passions must our pilots be.
Condense the fire-mists to a crystal globe?
Fed by the ardours of eternity,
The fire-mists of the soul, in many a robe
Of passion's lightning, innocently thrill,
And crystallize God's temple in the will.

Thence flows pure life; if the soul's flowers are shaken,
By pleasure's wafted breath, or lightly tossed,
By new desire, as lovers when they waken,
They yield a nectar that shall ne'er exhaust
Its sweetness; but, through many a change, exhale
Fragrance divine, while years and seasons fail.

Immortal Joy, in Paradise first crowned
With life's first garden blossoms, when first love
Her first delight, in first betrothals found,
And first-born pleasures in the bosom wove,
Apparelled soft to mantle the glad frame,
With springing ardours of celestial flame;

Thou shalt, with Nature, thy glad bower maiden,
Weave new attire for the new soul to wear;

And waft sweet breath, from many a solar Aidenn,
Where wedded hearts from God their blisses share.
Thy purpling raptures, in the heart that beat,
Shall fold the sense with odours purely sweet.

And we shall move, in lovely radiations,
By each pure motion of the being spun;
And glide elate as wingèd emanations,
That dance before the chariot of the Sun;
And, where our white feet press the virgin sod,
Glad earth shall thrill, as at the touch of God.

O unshamed Purity, thrice holy vestal,
The passions all shall minister to thee;
And, underneath thy dome of living crystal,
Renew themselves for evermore, to be
The winged apostles of the faith, enshrined
In the clear heaven of thy unsullied mind!

Higher, still higher! Lo, the wingèd horses!
Joy mounts her chariot, as a moving lyre.
Its wheels roll music through the starry courses,—
Music, the heart-throb of th' Eternal Sire.—
Claim thou, O friend, the triumphs of the race;
Rise to Love's heart, folded in Joy's embrace.

PART VII.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the new man. A pavilion in the Sun. The guests and their festivities. Solar music. The unity of the harmonies. Solar types of New Terrestrial Society. Failure of Social Architects on earth. Radical reforms impossible; and why. Impossibility of embodying social harmony through the corrupt natural soul. Glimpses and fragments of social harmony in the Past. Three types of human harmony. The better genius of Mahomedanism. Despotism and Fate. The Empire of the Absolute. The new kingdoms of the Orient. The new Grecian commonwealth. Causes of the downfall of ancient Greece. Calamities awaiting America. The rise, progress, and ruin of ancient Democracies. The vices of Republics. Social harmony not revealed through Grecian philosophy or inspiration. Social harmony unknown to the modern, as to the ancient world. Divine harmony impossible, till men are separated and grouped according to moral qualities. Social harmony for the just alone. Types of social harmony with intellectual races. The New Commonwealth knit by sympathy and respiration with the Republics of the Heavens and of the astral space. Nature revealed to men in the new harmony. The golden bridals of mankind. Social harmony won through union with the Divine Spirit. New nationalities formed through new respiration. Decline, decay, and dissolution of existing Society. Christ, the God-man, fashioning new social harmonies. The Divine Leader and His followers. The new equality. The Divine purity revealed in new society. The mystery of Purity; its divinity, omnipresence, and omnipotence.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART VII.

Thou happy heart, come, listen to my singing!
The gentleness of heaven is on the deep
Of the soul's life; the crimson morn is flinging
Vestures of beauty o'er the flowering steep
Of the pure mind, that knows nor youth, nor age
But simple being for its heritage.

Thou happy heart, Eternity before thee,
Its archipelago of blessèd isles
Reveals in the clear light, that, shining o'er thee,
As thine own father, thine own mother, smiles.
I ask no other audience for my song,
Than one like thee, who hast outlived the wrong.

I see thy mild eyes innocently brighten,
Pure genius of the new world's virgin state!
Thy very presence doth the orb enlighten,
And lift from its sad heart the cruel weight.
Then, while my hand sweeps o'er the burning keys,
Unlock thy soul, that hive of melodies.

The guests are gathered in the Sun's pavilion;
Light forms glide lightly in a magic dance.
With changeful hues, rose, purple, and vermilion,
The heavens, that kindled in the morn's advance,
Reveal the glories of the ebbing day.
Ah, sweet it is to look the heart away!

Here some, like the moon lilies, move and tremble,
Yet scintillate as stars. That music's close,
Doth it not, in one harmony, assemble
Each thought, hope, extasy, the spirit knows;
And pour them through the breast, dissolving there,
In bliss the soul through every sense would share?

Music again;—but now in strains that tingle
Like the first yearnings, for the God that wake,
When two fair beings of a planet mingle,
And the impassioned Deity doth take
Their wedded natures, folded into one,
To airs and ardours of a nobler sun.

That music! now 'tis on the lip like kisses;
Now falls around the heart in slumbrous fire.
Now in the mind begets enrapturing blisses;
Now thrills the bosom deeply to respire;

While, undulant on the aerial tides,
Ruling their deep, the Music Angel glides.

A thousand hearts that meet in one emotion;
  A thousand breaths, commingling into one;
A thousand worshippers in one devotion;
  A thousand confluent harmonies, that run
To find full rapture in the circling sea,
Whose waves are odour, song, divinity:

A thousand beauteous human paradises,
  That the One Love pervades and glorifies;
The incense of their mingled praise arises,—
  Heart-breaths of fragrance folding world and skies;
A thousand hearts, that beat by day and night,
Inclasped in One Eternal Love's delight!

Society is there to me prefigured,
  As we should seek to make it, wheresoe'er
The heart leaps up, in martyr love transfigured,
  And the pure bosom palpitates, with air
That never yet laved earth's ethereal sea,
But thrills us in the clasp of Deity.

Systems on systems, with confusion endless,
  The social architects in fancy plan;

Meanwhile the noblest natures feel the friendless
Heart-solitude and agony of man;
And know, full well, how bitterly shall fail
The mind's Utopias, in a world of bale.

Touch not Society, O thou Reformer:
Thy task to prune, restrain, or shape the tree.
Be what thou wilt, be gatherer, be adorner;
Thou canst not, if thou wouldst, an axe-man be.
The roots are deep, locked in the planet's base;
The branches rise, to bend through time and space.

As well attempt to change the plan of matter,
Invent new seasons, or new floral world;
The liquid crystal of earth's heart to scatter;
Or move the banners in the morn unfurled.
They are the wise who know the bounds of strife,
Nor seek to change a universal life.

There's nothing new, since Love's pure Eden perished.
Germs of the dissonance that then took root,
Wept, loathed, detested, craved, implored, or cherished,
Grow with man's growth, and for him shed their fruit.
Time's tapestry, of victory or doom,
One shuttle weaves at the eternal loom.

The Social Architects have failed, for lack
Of natural souls, where harmony could reign.
Their systems rise, cloud-temples, in the wrack;
The human world, wrenched and convulsed with pain,
Lies underneath; or fiercely interknit,
In mortal combat, gazes up to it.

Yet social harmony, in fragments shattered,
Like sad Palmyra, lost amidst her sands,
As if a god his bounteous gifts had scattered,
In crystal thoughts, too fine for human hands;
Gleams from the sordid and barbaric waste,
Though everywhere o'erthrown, and half effaced.

The mosque, the minster, and the classic fane,
Three pure civilizations typify;
The mosque what Mahomet, with many a stain,
Sought to make known through Islam's imagery.
Lo, Granada, the ravished virgin, still
Lingers, in chains, upon her fountained hill!

Her image haunts, with dim, refracted beams
Of ne'er embodied loveliness, the space,
Where yet, perchance, in the new morning-beams,
Her Angel may the shining circle trace;

And show to man, by Freedom's side elate,
What Despotism means, and what is Fate.

For Despotism is a truth inverted:
The Patriarchal East must wear its chains,
Till some great solar people have asserted
Its real right, breathing through Nature's veins.
Then shall the Orient's Genius reappear,
The Empire of the Absolute to rear.

First Love, our Father and our Mother, hail!
To thee dominion still! To thee alone,
Whose breathing benedictions never fail,
Fate's golden sceptre, Despotism's throne.
They who elect this order, just and pure,
Shall in its harmony for aye endure.

How swift the glad obediences throng,
Whose freedom 'tis to own Thy sovereign sway!
More sweet than to the rose the bulbul's song,
Thy magic words the Orient array;
Gathering, like stars upon Heaven's plain outspread,
The Body-peoples, duteous to their Head.

The Body-peoples! Pure intelligence
May be the attribute of some calm race;

But those who live enraptured by Thy sense,
Kneel ever looking up into Thy face;
And ask a rule, that, absolutely given,
Shall image, while they serve, their promised Heaven.

Not all men born to meditate the systems;
Not all men born their secret to explore.
Some rather seek the nectar of existence:
Their lives with tender ecstacy brim o'er.
So that one reigns by simple right of love;
They serve, they blossom, in the order wove

By Him who broiders earth with those sweet flowers
They most resemble. Beauteous they uprear
Their lives, like lilies of the vale, that tremble
With music in the warm, faint atmosphere.
The star-eyed woman beareth other seed
Than she with azure orbs and golden brede.

God loves variety in unity.
Some must assert an individual right;
Others, heart-clasped in sweet community,
Bloom as the happy flowers in Eden's light.
Still Good is good; its features wear no frown,
Or wreathed with laurel, or begemmed with crown.

Cursed be the Despotism from below,
That clamps the people in its iron vice!
Blest the Paternity, that wreathes the bow
Of kingly radiance o'er its paradise!
Deny it, friend, yet list, and wisely note;
The best in a Republic hardly vote.

But yet this word of "despotism" troubles:
Better by far be nothing, than a slave:
Yet there is found a Sovereign Rule that doubles
The worth of life; the flowing waters lave
The river side, and keep it softly green:—
How firm should be those banks, whereon they lean!

Rise, then, sublime, sky-piercing minaret!
Sound, "Allah Akbar!" sound the call to prayer.
Th' eternal cross, in the new crescent set,
With holy radiance floods the living air.
Commander of the Faithful, rule thy star;
Rule, with God's fire-breath for thy scimitar.

Let Patriarchal Justice, at the gate,
Dispense pure equity to every suit;
Wielding an order, whose decrees are fate,
In tones of love more sweet than Syrian lute;

Till some new Boaz, mid the ripened corn,
Leads Ruth, and smiles on kinglier Davids born.

Till new Al Raschids claim a golden prime,
And a new Caliphate smiles o'er the waters,
Gathering, in many a fretted hall sublime,
Its myriad chiefs, whose deeds are loves, not slaughters.
Dark Orient girl, once the lost Peri, now
Be wedded Eve, with sunrise on thy brow!

One sang, "'tis Greece, but living Greece no more."
Not so; immortal is her beauty still.
Laughs the blue wave along the Attic shore;
Kindles the morn above the Olympian hill.
Christ for Leonidas,—the Living Word,
For airy murmurs, at Dodona heard!

Civilization, to the Attic Greek,
Was Freedom wrought in perfect Commonwealth.
Vainly for this in Western States we seek;
We feel the hectic, and we call it, health.
Still, as of old, the oligarch enslaves;
Nor Athens triumphs, nor her genius saves.

Yet, like the Greek, we pine for curious learning,
And meet, by crowds, to ask for what is new;

The eloquence, with shafts electric, burning
A lightning path that pierces heaven, pursue;
Or, from the pebbles in the popular urn,
Ask whom to glorify, and whom to spurn?

But Athens fell; and we are slowly falling;
Europe, as Persia, triumphs in our jars.
The rising cloud o'erspreads the dome, appalling,
With thunders that forebode perpetual wars.
Athens,—she too bore victory from the seas;
Till crowned prosperity wrought dire disease.

She too climbed up the sovereign heights of power,
To shake the world; and suddenly to fall.
She smiled, a bride, for one brief halcyon hour,
Then cast the festal robe, to don the pall.
She too profaned the Might that made her strong;
Forgot that right is right; that wrong is wrong.

She too proved false to the divine ideal;
And crowned the sophist, and condemned the sage.
She too sought for the sham we call "the real,"
And, in one night, her youth was palsied age.
All tyrants trembled, as her genius rose;
All peoples bled in her dissolving throes.

'Tis the one vice of all Republics, ever
The patriot for the demagogue to change:
The hot blood burns in a perpetual fever:
The simple flock rush from the pasture's range;
Vainly the careful shepherd would recall:
Wolves gain their suffrage, and grow lords of all.

I do not think that we shall perish so:
Love is our shepherd, and no mortal chief.
When we are brought in desolations low,
The lightnings of His breath shall bring relief:
Yet we pursue the path that Athens trod;
To share her ruin, but for coming God.

Yet social harmony 's not understood:
The Greek, with all his wisdom, found it not;
Nor spake, the murmurs at Dodona's wood:
Nor saw, the sybil of the Delphic grot;
Nor smiled it, when Harmonius weathed the sword.
It lives, and only, in the soul restored.

The echoes of the Delphian shrine are still;
And hushed the whispers of Dodona's breeze.
Pallas forgets her famed Athenian hill,
And no man there the guardian ægis sees.

The gods of Greece, they pass, and leave no sign
Of social order, Commonwealth divine.

The mad Bacchante measured not its dances:
The Muses of its glory dreamed alone.
Art scanned it not in her impassioned glances;
Nor awful Reason on the ivory throne.
The power, the presence, and the mystery there;
But none from Truth her Isis veil to bare.

Ah, are we wiser, who, for our Bacchantes,
Invoke the magic of the tinselled stage?
Is it revealed where flying *figurantes*
Loose many a passion from its human cage?
The furnace throbs, the massive hammers beat:
Our Vulcans there, do they its verse repeat?

Our Argonauts go forth: Does any Jason
Return, with trophies of its golden fleece?
Interpret we that awful diapason,
Surer than did the hierophants of Greece?
We see it gleam in death-light white and cold:—
Plato and Socrates saw thus of old.

Like them we toss upon the troubled ocean;
Like them we scent strange odours of the shore.

Old age creeps on, to chill the heart's emotion;
We hope, despair, decay, and are no more;—
Our path lit but by fire-gleams of the sword,
From Eden lost, to Paradise restored.

Why do the Nations to their burial pass,
Thirsting, but vainly, for the Living Vine?
Love's harmony is still a Venice glass,
Shattered, if poison mingles with the wine.
Our palsied hands the bright infusion spill;
We mix our evil with God's nectar still.

It comes, the crowning gift, the consummation
Of all Religions; the elected Bride
Whose touch is peace, whose breath is adoration;
But only where the wholly just abide.
Pure, seamless mantle of the Eternal Breast,
It circles those alone who there find rest.

God's harmony, to intellectual races,
In many a fairer Greece most purely wrought,
Finds its ideal in the starry spaces,
Where orbs of light are attributes of thought;
And wingèd Science cleaves its earthly shell,
To soar, Jove's eagle, where the Olympians dwell.

Our Science deals but with the rind of Nature;
We know not yet the sap that fills her veins.
She, Dryad-like, with infantine, mild feature,
Deep in the heart of all pure passion reigns.
Our Science prisoned and enslaved must be,
Till God's quick breathing gives her eyes to see.

Then, gazing up, where now she views suspended,
But hollow gulfs of worlds, in mild amaze,
Her glance will meet, in every star, the splendid
Orb-genius, clad with its convergent rays.
The ancients feigned their deities above:
We shall behold, as wedded Truth and Love,

Possessing attributes most purely human,
The crowned colossal Genii, who pervade
With amplest elements of man or woman,
The friendly spheres; aye, touch them unafraid;
And what the mystery of Arcturus, feel;
And what the song, in Aldebaran's wheel.

And are we lovers? they shall clasp our loving.
And are we poets? they shall lead the lyre.
Deep eyes, how shall ye beam, all unreproving,
On hearts that kindle at your holy fire!

And sculptors we, in marble or high verse ?
Our friends, art-genii of the universe.

For distance is illusion ; they are near,
Whose elements can blend and harmonize.
Still to the seeing eye, the listening ear,
Beauty and Wisdom gather from their skies.
Lose we the friendships of the sordid mart ?
We gain the monarchs of creation's heart.

Nor deem that they are cold and unimpassioned ;
Nor fear they have no power to soothe and bless.
Behold, their ardours, though from dust, have fashioned
Tempes, Arcadias, in the wilderness.
If their swift beams work thus, in earth's extense,
How will they fashion Tempes in the sense !

How rear Arcadias, in the light supernal,
That makes, for the new soul, thrice blessèd morn ;
Forms, as they are, wherethrough the Love Eternal
Beams to beatify, smiles to adorn.
August colossi, hail, thrice hail, again,
To breathing empire in the hearts of men !

Tossed on the dizzy, whirling gulf of dreams,
Our inward natures, pilotless, are driven.

Not ours to float upon the halcyon streams,
Land-locked in the serenity of Heaven.
We strive, hope, dare; a something we achieve;
But never, secretly, forget to grieve.

For man is wrenched, in evil's dislocation,
From the calm influence of the stellar host.
Earth, since young Eden's blight and defloration,
Moans in sad exit, as a piteous ghost,
Driven beyond the boundaries of the sphere.—
God breathes and man is free; then gather near

All Powers, all Ecstasies, who pitch their tents
In the starred azure; royally they come.
Then Nature smiles, in all her elements
Of sense and beauty; we are welcomed home.
Hark, with their joy the vocal airs resound;
"The dead is made alive, the lost is found."

Dear home, dear friends! What bitterness of anguish
Grieved us, till, in a breath, the triumph came!
Lift up the hearts that droop, the powers that languish;
The end of man's captivity proclaim.
Strike off the fetters; bid the slave go free:—
None dream how fair man's coming state shall be.

Was Social Harmony ne'er understood;
  Nor seen from heights of crystalline pure air;
Nor felt when summer sunshine filled the blood;
  Nor mirrored on the tearful eyes of prayer;
Nor sculptured by the Phidian Reason's hand;
Nor known when Freedom flamed along the land?

Grew it not, beauteous, round the household flame;
  Knew sacred friendship ne'er its mystic tie;
Could never priesthood learn to lisp its name;
  And ne'er a people scale its mountains high?
The reason's plain, God's gifts wait God's own time:
When Love reveals, Love also brings, the prime.

Hail to the golden bridals of mankind!
  Now mated Innocence and Truth embrace:
Man thinks no more,—a dislocated mind,—
  Nor feels,—an alien of an outcast race.
Fight up thy way to God, O man; but there,
The harmony of Love's Republic share.

Society dissolves, but not in death:
  No ruthless passion boils along its veins.
Nations divide, upon the fact of breath;
  For the new race, the nobler system reigns.

Better true sorrow than the worldling's mirth;
Best the true joy, true sorrow brings to birth.

Nations, disjointed, dislocated, shower
  Their fiery ardours like volcanic cones.
The fierce eruption marks their prime of power,
  O'erwhelming ancient temples, cities, thrones.
Then, suddenly or slowly, stays the flood;
To custom's pumice turns young valour's blood.

Still on the stony debris of decay,
  Colossal fabrics with the years must grow.
The giant mother of the earlier day
  Her pigmy offspring would disdain to know.
Each lessening era deems itself the best;
Takes doom for dawning; impotence for rest.

Was it not said, "If God keep not the city,
  The sentinels upon the walls are vain?"
Still, in the ear of the Eternal Pity,
  Rises the cry of souls who wear a chain.
So shall it be with us; and yet, I know
God's mercy, not His anger, deals the blow.

Christ comes for Washington; the Nemesis
  Of Despotism for its mortal foe.

God cries, "Let there be light!" the dim abyss,
Darkness, and horror, of the social woe,
Burn as a furnace. Doth it crystallize?
'Tis the New Harmony of earth and skies.

We call for leaders. Lo, our Leader cometh!
Invisible, from heart to heart, He moves.
See, in His smile the rose of Eden bloometh:
He clasps and quickens every child He loves.
How stand the few who follow where He leads?
As the Word stands 'mid Earth's dissolving creeds.

Not theirs to shape a new Confederation,
Where Good and Evil hold a mingled sway.
Behold the wise, the just, the holy Nation!
All idols of the heart, brain, hand, they slay.
All held coequal, who in love respire;
All else excluded by the circling fire.

So Order comes. The song of harmony
Is in the music of its million looms;
Its breath of myriad lives, that, to the sky
Waft incense, fragrant as Elysian blooms.
Its will, a stream of unimpeded force;
Its fountain, God; its path, the universe.

And Purity, the one pervading essence!
In Purity the heavens and earths were made.
All light reveals its flamy irridescence;
All power, its glowing arm, for strength arrayed;
All toil its anthem; joy its calm caress;
All speech its voice; all form its loveliness.

In Purity, the primal orb was rounded;
In Purity, the swift winds took their flight;
In Purity, young Time the clarion sounded,
And woke the years, the seasons, by her might.
In Purity, breathed Nature, Heaven's young child:
In Purity, man rose and woman smiled.

And Purity is God's eternal voice;
And Purity His everlasting song.
In Purity, His attributes rejoice;
By Purity, His worlds are borne along.
In Purity, uptowers the great design;
For the pure God, pure altar, gift and shrine.

Around what Image glow the powers of time,
As, round the sun, the rainbow's perfect span,
Whence heart and mind drink love and light sublime?
'Tis Purity, in fashion as a Man.

And what the kindling words, those lips that leave,
"Ask purity; ask, and ye shall receive."

Therefore, on Purity, His word hath founded
The structures of the coming Commonwealth.
There Purity shall flow in streams unbounded,
Or spring in fountains of perpetual health.
Hail healing streams, the soul, the sense, that lave!
Death dies, and man smiles, godlike, from your wave.

Till this, no order! This the dread ordeal
That men must pass. The base shall perish here.
But, crowned as Hymen, smiles the fair Ideal,
From Purity's dear heart, its natal sphere.
Call'st thou, O Earth, such conquerors undone?
They reign, in God's new harmony begun.

PART VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The Frozen Death, a terror of the coming time. Man's internal evils prospectively revealed as bodily plagues. The crime-deluge from the human breast. The world's Reign of Terror. Self-delusions of Reformers. Struggles of Evil in its dissolving agonies. Evil passions organised throughout man's natural frame. Human ruins. Opposite races of passions, good and evil. The scenery of earth a revelation of realities in man. Might and splendour of the primitive passions. Reappearance of those passions in the new man. The might of the Lord manifested in creation and restoration. The martyr-love of Christ descending into man, and uplifting him into supremacy over self and evil. Dissolution of man's evil spiritual and natural self. The sophistries of self-love, its delusive revelations, its course, destruction, and perdition. The vision of Conscience. The ministry of Conscience in the world. Conscience enthroned in divine revelation. Conscience the friend and teacher of man, and the combatant and conqueror of self-love. The oracle of Conscience succeeded by the revelation of the Divine Breath. Perfect obedience, the law of the New Creation.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART VIII.

On his white horse I saw the Frozen Death,
Cased all in sparkling ice from head to heel.
He rose through hearts alien to Love's warm breath,
Estranged from Nature, who in self but feel.
From soul to sense he rode, in pelting hail,
And bade sight, hearing and sensation fail.

Men struggled with a strange, dim apathy:
Gently and soft that gradual death came on:
Dreams, like the boreal lights, began to ply
Amid the glooms of the mind's horizon,
Weaving a canopy of purpling gleams,
O'er the heart's Arctic waste and rigid streams.

It was, as though Oblivion's icy hand
Were pressed upon the throbbing seat of life.
The lip, where Summer once breathed effluence bland,
Held deathful, deadly kisses, that were rife
With spells, from man his essence to exhaust,
As flowers yield up their being to the frost.

This Death began in Churches, where the sects
God's life of love within the bosom smother.
New meanings flash along the holy text,
"He dwells in death who dares to hate the brother."
Where hands meet hands, palms unto palms congeal,
As when the tongue has touched a frozen wheel.

And those whose passions, wandering wide of range,
Lost purity's infusion, though the bowers
Of smiling youth had held them, coldly change.
The icy hunger of this death devours
The vital spirits, in the blood that thrill;
Then dim obstruction; then the last long chill.

Men lie for days, for seasons, lost in trances,
As if the soul were frozen in the frame,
With rigid eyes, upturned in stony glances:
The tomb is loth such tenantry to claim.
Death drops the marble vizer from his face,
And cries, "Behold me; this is my embrace!"

This is the palace, where he holds his court;
And these, the vassals of his new domain.
Here sitteth he, and laughs, in cruel sport,
With touch to petrify, and glance to chain.

Transformed expression, by some magic art,
Shows, through the face, the winter of the heart.

As in the trenches fell the crowned Byzantine,
When the cold crescent veiled the fading cross,
Great Creeds, that fought in armour adamantine,
O'erthrown lie trodden in the fatal fosse.
Death on the pale horse fears but Power above:
Only invincible, God's breathing love.

When hearts distil their trebly foul perdition,
Think not the accomplice, sense, shall aye escape.
The iron hand smites through the thin partition;
Each secret vice, with separate goblin shape,
Injects the virus, breathes the killing curse,
Strikes without pity, slays without remorse.

The body is a stage, the Passions players.
Come to the awful tragedy, oh come!
White death-wolves track your flying feet, ye slayers.
Man to his own base heart, at last, goes home;
Retires within himself, a shade forlorn,
To feed the Hungers in his bosom born.

'Tis said that "there is death in every house,"
"A skeleton at every feast," as well.

As one who dreams he sees a buried spouse,
Rise, a dread shape, wherein the grave-worms dwell,
To fold him bodily in foul decay,
So shall the Past its fateful charm array.

Or, as one takes the Lamia to his bed,
And, while he bathes himself in beauty's charms,
Hears the soft voice, a sudden hiss instead,
And feels the writhing serpent in his arms;
So Evil, gathered up within the blood,
Uncoils the serpent of the fiery flood.

"Murder will out," men say; he who hath spilt
A brother's blood, hears it, as from the ground:
He sleeps, and o'er his pillow, the pale Guilt
Stands, a dread spectre. Lo, the fiery bound
Of one great crime, first but a vapour thin,
Becomes a universe, and folds him in.

The limbs forget young life's elastic vigour:
The sun, the world, man, woman, seem to die.
The vital blood chills in the Arctic rigour.
The joys we knew and tasted fade and fly.
We thirst, no water; hunger bites, no bread;—
Lava and pumice from the heart instead.

If he who hates his brother is a slayer,
  Murder is everywhere, and murder's seed.
If he who lusts is still pure love's betrayer,
  With Belial's tongue, not men, but nations plead.
But, when these murders teach the frame their chill,
As in the death-swoon, shall mankind grow still.

A hush, a pause, a breathless expectation!
  Silence for one half-hour of angel time!
The social wheel turns in its last gyration.
  A deluge, not of water, but of slime
From man's pent evils, makes the flowery bed
Of the world's rest, a sewer's pool, instead.

Base hearts like these are Earth's Augean stable,
  Tainting the world and sickening the sky,
That not the demi-gods of any fable
  Could breathe unharmed, could fight against nor die.
Men only who respire from God's pure mind,
Survive the pestilences they unbind.

Ages of peace and glad fraternity
  France prophesied, with Freedom's vision lit.
The white bolt flashed from out eternity,
  And France was opened,—but as Tophet's pit.

"Arcadia nigh," to-day their seers proclaim:
To-morrow, and the Reign of Terror came.

The whole world now, as Gallia then, predicts
The Brotherhood of Peoples drawing near,
When immemorial Evil, that afflicts
Mankind, self-slain shall seek a dreamless bier.
Humanity, the starved wolf, fierce and thin,
Will be a lamb, whene'er it casts its skin!

Poor Garibaldi dreams like La Fayette.
Mill, Gladstone, Sumner, Greely, Burritt, lo,
In the pale glare of the volcano yet
They bid the world behold its promise bow!
They trust the peoples. Doth man's bosom stir?
They shout, "the World-Christ bursts the sepulchre!"

The Nineteenth Century cries, "my ancient mansion
Is over-full of gold, and sons, and daughters;
And I must build, in Christendom's expansion,
My arching palaces by many waters."—
The plethora of riches, and their pride,
Burst the old worldling's heart; that night he died.

Even the virgin prairie, broken up,
Gives vegetable poisons to the blast.

Shall Freedom shatter Crime's dread poison cup,
  Wherein the sorcerers of the world have cast
The infamies of ages; shall new day
Beat fiercely on the marsh of man's decay;

And swollen Evil, gross from all that was,
  And all that is, be lost, as is a flake
Of April snow? The human whirlwind's mass,
  That wraps the globe,—will it, in peace, forsake
The dark dim sphere; nor roll with armies on;
Nor inundate the plains, ere it is gone?

If not a lonely evil can be slain,
  In simplest natures, without conflicts dire,
Shall Earth, who fed a death in every vein,
  And nursed corruption at her fontal fire,
And slaved the weak, and deified the strong,
And throned the false, and paltered for the wrong;—

Shall Earth, without the earthquakes of remorse,
  The drenching floods of penitence, grow sweet?
Will not the fiends, in her half-stifled corse,
  Resist her, feebly seeking Love's dear feet?
And will they leave the heart, that was their prey,
Nor doubly strive to repossess, or slay?

For one, I gird my armour for the fight.
I know that man shall ne'er in Eden dwell
Till he becomes more than the Eremite,
A godlike Titan, conquering death and hell.
Through Purity's thrice guarded, crystal door,
The path is open; Christ leads on before.

Man's natural breath is evermore a traitor,
The parent of illusions, gathering in
Food for the mortal soul, wherewith to sate her,
At many a banquet; while, as pale and thin
As Misery's self, or Hunger's ghost might be,
The nobler essence pines, eternally.

See Nature's parasites, uncouth, ignoble,
With Spring and its fresh luxury that come.
Man, too, breeds baser appetites that trouble,
And sting, as the curculio wounds the plum;
And weave the web in life's fair orchard tree,
Or hive in buds of opening infancy.

But Summer comes, with music in the grass,
And golden ripples o'er the waving corn.
Man feels his summer life; yet spectres pass,
From ravished innocence in madness born.

The trampled world within the breast, gives birth
To venomous things, that curse the human earth.

The tiger haunts the sands of his Sahara ;
  The ape and jackal throng his bosom-grove.
Its founts grow bitter, as the streams of Mara ;
  The coiling serpent clasps the brooding dove.
Our ruins mark our years ; the sands of lust
Choke the Nile valley with the desert's dust.

The ruins of the ancient generations,
  Glorious and awful, with a language deep,
Like haunted cities, where colossal nations,
  Pillowed on marble, in oblivion sleep,
Lost as the hecatomb in airy smoke,
That fades upon the wrack, our spells evoke.

From superincumbent earthiness we ope
  The veins of life, like some Vesuvian well :
Lo, Herculanean ruins, from the cope
  Of upper day, sunk, at the earthquake's knell !
Within the rudest boor's unkindly clod,
Lie relics of great shrines, filled once with God.

The' innocent passions dwelt, a kindly race,
  Where the soul's Afric teems with murders now.

In the soul's Asia, virgin loves held place,
Where servile fears to their false idols bow.
In the soul's Europe, thronging valours met,
Sincerely just, where frauds their kind beget.

Gaze on the world, O man, if thou wouldst see
The buried earth within thee; then lie down,
As she does, folded by infinity.
Why babble in thy dreams, poor, painted clown,
Of what thou art? What art then? One replies,
"A veiled abyss, wrapped in eternities."

A veiled abyss, poor worm! The soul's great Norsemen,
Thor, Odin, Balder, genii of the frame,
Lie dead; they perished when the spectral horsemen
Fear, Impotence, Decay, from Hades came.
For thee, shorn of thy life, the saga said,
"Balder the beautiful, is dead, is dead!"

Poor worm, writhe in the broken shards of matter.
Meanwhile Love works, great potter, at His wheel;
And thunders burst, the things that are to scatter;
And flames, that part the traitorous from the leal.
Turn, mighty wheel; beneath those Hands shall rise
The urn of life, for man's new destinies.

Come forth, invested with the sacred palla,
Soul of the Morning, to our blood return;
For the heart's North-land build the new Valhalla,
And bid the mountain pyres of Balder burn.
Arm of God's might, that Thor's dread force portrayed,
Reveal thyself, in thine own fires arrayed.

Arm of the Lord, that Sirius and Orion
Wrought out, with hammer-strokes in fire's red forge—
Arm of the Lord, that, from invaded Zion,
Drove Mammon and his sons, with flying scourge—
Be lifted now; shatter the ponderous mass
Of the world's death; in glooms or splendours pass.

Better than Eden's genial, simple prime,
Love's new beginning. Lo, the olive-tree!
We kneel, o'erspent in agony sublime;
We drink His cup, who felt Gethsemane,
And sweat great drops of anguish; we enzone
Love, passion, life, around God's awful throne.

We ask, in ecstasies of dissolution,
From all but Love's one being to expire;
We quiver, in the anguish of transfusion;
We flame, as martyr's in Love's burning pyre;

Until the heat, that to our natures lent
All energy, dissolves each continent,

And isle, and ocean, of the suffering spirit,
And airy thought, their blue etherial robe;
The towers of mind we from our sires inherit,
The sun-kissed ardours, ay, the very globe,
And all the instincts of the subtle frame,
From earthly motherhood that breathless came.

The firmaments, that were life's starry spaces,
The groves or plains or mountains where she trod,
The swelling sea that leapt to her embraces,—
They perish all, in the white light of God.
Past, present, future, all dissolve in one,
Nor will survives, but as God's will is done.

And is this death? then fold us, Death, for ever.
More sweet, in Love's dissolving fires, to fail,
Than drink life's draught, from hatred's molten river;
Or breathe its breath, where evil taints the gale;
Or keep the tryst Impurity would share:—
Thrill to God's lips, and swoon forever there.

The pain of evil grows, as man pursues
The true and worthy life. We scarcely know,

First lapped in sense and its delights profuse,
The pure from the impure, that in us grow;
Till quickened Conscience gives the new-born thrill,
Smiles at the good, and weeps and frowns at ill.

Is Self-love good? how fair its garments glisten!
What wealth it claims of luxury, praise and pelf!
Conscience awakes; to her dread voice we listen,
"Man truly lives not, till he dies to self."
What tones are these, that slay the world's delight?
"Self-sacrifice alone is always right."

Self-love; we find it everywhere; it reasons,
"Can this fair world be very far astray?
Did He, who weaves the robe of the four Seasons,
Make man of baser element than they?
Is childhood Eden? then Self-love how fair!
'Tis ours; we breathe it with our first-drawn air.

"Sweet bird, its music makes the virgin wild-wood
A shrine, all eloquent with Nature's song.
It lures us, through the flowery maze of childhood,
To youth's glad verge; how can Self-love be wrong?
What bids the mind to reason's height aspire;
What lights the intellect, but Self-desire?

"Is marriage good, that wreathes its votive garlands,
To deck the temples of the rising race?
Self paves, with woven bloom, those mystic star-lands;
Still, in Self-love, we seek the bride's embrace.
Can Self be evil, then, that lights the eye,
Glows on the cheek, and thinks in poesy?

"The great sun holds in its vast arms the systems:
Self-love doth thus all human powers enfold:
'Tis alpha and omega of existence;
Earth is a lamp, its holy oil to hold.
The flames are art, song, knowledge, order; still
It works as God; how can Self-love be ill?

"Lo, there are miracles of human learning,
Who read the world by light of self alone;
And mortal demi-gods, in splendour burning,
Who rule in love of self from many a throne.
The countless votaries in its presence fall.
Is Self-love evil? nay, 'tis lord of all!

"Self-love, how amiable thy tabernacles!
Who would not dwell within thy courts forever?
Self-sacrifice but kneels, a slave in shackles;
Thou dost the chain, that thralls mankind, dissever.

Thee let us worship; bid the strains begin;
Up to thy courts we tread; the laughing Sin

"Fairer than bosomed swan, the lake that cleaveth,
From many a Paphos leads her Cyprian train.
Thy vestals these; each, for thine altar, weaveth
A life of dalliance in a flowery chain.
No steps take hold on hell; no hearts decay.—
Self, what thy Heaven, with these to lead the way?

"The purple sail swells to thy breezes blowing;
Thy breath invites; we need no labouring oar.
Onward the smooth stream glides, in music flowing.—"
Pause! hear ye not, beyond, the cataract's roar?
Yon sun-bow spans no heaven of endless bliss;
'Tis wrought from vapours of the foul abyss.

Turn, evil hearts, ah, turn from your perdition!
'Tis Nature's self that waves the warning hand;
'Tis Nature's God, who gives full many a vision,
Where Purity unveils the judgment land.
Behold Self-love, stripped of the last disguise,
And know him; this the worm that never dies.

I saw the naked Conscience of the world,
Clad but in beams of her own loveliness.

She moved on a white eagle, that unfurled
Its awful vans; in very silentness
Her voice had power, for, where it passed, the chill
Of its cold breath held sense and instinct still.

Upborne in air, above the boiling ocean,
Her voice shed morn upon the wildering wave.
Tossed where the billows met in frenzied motion,
A Siren-woman, fed as from the grave,
By the swift whirl of her lithe frame had wrought
A Maelstrom, strong as frenzy, fast as thought.

Idly, upon its outer whirl, was rocking
A gilded pinnace; they who plied the oar
Sang,—"Brothers, lo, the windless heavens are mocking
Our feeble strife; now let us toil no more;
But drift, and drift, borne by the friendly stress
Of the swift tides, that all the seas possess.

"Why should we struggle with our destiny,
Or think the idle gods afar to please?
Why did they bid us cross due east the sea,
Then gather from the sail the onward breeze?
Rest, brothers, rest, nor ply the labouring oar;
Borne by the current we shall find the shore.

"The beaded sweat of anguish stains the brow.
Trust the good genius of the smiling deep.
Why should long strife the wrinkled forehead plough,
And the worn blood through weary senses creep?
The drowsy pilot trims the helm no more:
Rest, brothers, rest, then soon the happy shore."

O'er the void hell of the chaotic waters,
The Siren leaned her bosom, warm and bare,
Whose fateful beauty nourished was by slaughters,
And from her glance a mirage rose in air,
Steeped as in purpling light of the sun's rays,
From level west shed through autumnal haze.

There sunbright mountain peaks the distance clove,
And ribbons of pale silver, that were streams,
Flowed on, through winding vale and green alcove,
Where summer feeds the children of her dreams,
To fringèd shores of myrtle and of palm,
Steeped in soft languors of perpetual calm.

The Siren sang, in tones of many a maiden,
"The blue waves ripple on the yellow sand;
The Seasons dance, of their sweet wealth unladen,
Or bathe in lucent waters, hand in hand.

For joy upon the lip the south wind dies;
We are as gods, heart-deep in paradise.

"Come, let us jewel with our amorous beauty
The sea's bright forehead, and our graces lave.
The deep shall bear us, proud of her sweet duty.
Lo, we have journeyed far beyond the grave!
Perchance our song, through crimson vapours borne,
Tired mariners shall hear, and cease to mourn.

"Ah, cease to mourn! With crysolite and beryl,
Glow the swift eddies in the ocean's track.
Why should they muse of any vanished peril?
As stars, emerging from the tempest's wrack,
Their eyes shall kindle; ah, should any hear,
Their toils are ended, and their rest is near.

"And if some Harpy of the air should follow,
Some sharp-eyed floating Hunger of the deep,
Prowling for prey to feed its craving hollow,
'Twill leave them soon; while, in some flowery creek,
Paved with white water blooms, the idle sail
Its cheek shall lean, and feel no more the gale."

Then, swiftly piercing the bright mist, suspended
Above the vortex, from her eagle throne,

Conscience a moment through that pageant splendid,
Queen of the heart and its dominions, shone;
And cried, in tones sharper than any spear,
"I Conscience am! to my commands give ear!

"Whither, O fools, is this doomed pinnace drifting?"
The drowsy mariners replied, "Forbear!
Our course is where the sea-fog, shoreward lifting,
Reveals full many a glimpse of landscapes fair;
Lulled by the charm borne from those spicy hills,
We rest, and are at ease from many ills.

"We rest! Hath any god, who tastes, delighted,
Divine ambrosia, nobler state than yon?
Surely our hearts to its repose are plighted.—"
She answered, "Madmen, death is hasting on!
His pale hand grasps the prow; your sails unfurl;
The vortex draws you to its fatal whirl."

Then, rising through high air, her eagle hovered;
The arc of its broad wings above them spread.
But, from below, the deep its hell uncovered,
Strewn with white bones of many victims dead;
While, balancing within that circling stroom,
The guileful Siren chanted, "From the gloom

"Of your own fears ye start, O men, affrighted!
Your sickness breeds illusion; as, in madness,
Some turn away from eyes that love hath lighted,
And curse the bosom that unveils for gladness;
So ye half doubt the quiet rest at hand.—
What gives the ocean, that ye fear the land?"

O Conscience, there are times when many hear thee,
In warnings flung against the front of doom;
And blessèd they, when tempted, who revere thee:
For them alone futurity has bloom!
Thrice blessèd they, who see thine eagle veer;
Strain at the oar; against the billow steer.

Thrice blessèd they: but other, in my vision,
Their fate, who dreamed when that false Siren smiled.
An instant, swinging o'er the deep perdition,
They laughed and listened, to their death beguiled;
Then sank, yet living, sank, and living, fed
The Siren; at her lip to ruin wed.

Hail Conscience, hail, imperial arbitress!
At first we feel thee and are half at ease;
Lulled by the world, whose poisoned lips caress;
Soothed by the sense, whose instincts are disease.

Not all at once thy perfect thought we take,
For evil coils within us, like a snake,

And casts a fatuous gleam, that Madness fancies
The daybreak of the soul, upon life's mirror;
And charms us on, with passionate romances;
And paints Arcadia at the beck of Error;
Till roused, we meet unveiled thine eye serene.—
First in that glance is this world's real seen.

Clearer and clearer as our hearts enthrone thee,
Clearer and clearer as our wills obey,
Clearer and clearer as our powers enzone thee,
Upon us dawns the true and perfect day;
While Purity, with many a kiss impressed,
Laves us in ardours of her lucid breast.

Then the self-worship of the world is known
As one foul idol's service. The disguise
Of specious reason, o'er its horrors thrown,
That win a seeming lustre from the skies,
Parts, like the blue mist o'er a city, smit
With pestilence; nor Tophet masks her pit.

Friend of the tempted, pilot o'er the storm,
Light of the darkness, guardian of the gate,

Trampler of evil, from the hoary worm
Of falsehood stripping its thrice radiant state;
Half in our shadow, half in God's own light,
We see thee nobler as we serve the right.

Upon thine eagle throne of revelation,
Apparelled in the splendours of the morning,
O'er the dim sea of human desolation
Thou floatest, and art heard with awful warning;—
But now thy flight is almost o'er; restored
The fiery Presence, the confirming Word.

For Conscience, now, come instant heart-revealings.
The exile needs the messenger; but they
Who, for the chaos of conflicting feelings,
Have given the heart to be Love's home alway;
Where Conscience dwelt, the inspiring God may see;
Where Conscience touched, may thrill with Deity.

As to the pagan many things were lawful,
Which light made evil when that light was given;
So many deeds, to angel sight thrice awful,
Are venial till God's fire-breath sweeps from heaven.
The letter of the law men keep in part;
But now God's breath demands the very heart.

Ah me, through gospel, prophecy, epistle,
We look for God as in some distant sky!
The cutting blasts of hate and envy whistle
Through the dim ruins, where we live and die.
And Conscience, that to every wind gives voice,
From her deep minors never sings, "rejoice."

Rejoicings not for us, till that high portal
Which Purity unbars our feet have pressed!
Joy dwells within, there springs the heart immortal,
And God's new harmonies delight the guest.
Guileless obedience ours to Love's command;
Heart in God's heart, hand clasped in God's right hand.

And perfect love in all things, renovating
The human world, renewing Nature then;
While Immortality appears, awaiting
Her beauteous offspring; and, for mourning men,
Counting life's rosary in midnight aisles,
The children of the Bridegroom meet His smiles.

PART IX.

ARGUMENT.

Mysteries of womanhood. Origin of woman. Her decline, decay, and desolation. Latent harmonies within her nature. Her new and blessed future. The Titan at his forge. The infernal Self-love; the terrors in its heart. Tophet through self-love ingermed and formed in man. Harmony established in man and in society through the destruction of self-love. Self-lovers and self-worshippers foes to divine harmony. Separation of the sheep and goats. A new harmonic people made partakers of the life of the Divine Humanity. Earth a desolation till this people shall appear.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART IX.

Woman, "the loveliest weight on lightest foot;
The joy-abundant," of the poet's verse!
Not so, since Joy in Eden broke the lute,
And Music fled, heart-broken, at the curse.
The sorrow-bearing since that evil time;
The blighted Flora of the blasted prime.

For loveliest things by pain are sorest smitten.
God's beauty beamed upon earth's young repose,
And, where with centred beams her breast was litten,
Form of that loveliness, pure Eve uprose.
As the swift rainbow to the azure span,
Her warm, bright promise, to the heart of man.

What is the butterfly, shorn of its winglets?
And what the flower, when frost despoils its charms?
And what the day, spoiled of its radiant ringlets,
When the glad sun swoons in eclipsing arms?
And what the fountains, when the springs that fed
Their beauty, flow with lava-fire instead?

And what the festival, when poison mingles
  Death in the chalice with the mantling wine?
And what the bridals, with the Plague, that singles
  The wedded maid, and whispers, "She is mine"?
Man bore from Eden hope and high emprise;
Woman, but sunset in her lingering eyes.

Man falls:—against his fate he breasts the current,
  Whose waters part before the bold endeavour.
Woman swings hopeless down the maddening torrent,
  Plucks at a spray-wreath, and sinks then forever.
Man, outcast, gains his tower and shouts defiance;
Woman flies withering to despair's affiance.

Man sinks to strength; but woman sinks to weakness.
  Was he an Angel? he is Titan yet.
Pride serves him in the perishing of meekness:
  Faith fades, the stars of reason never set.
Sets love's fair crescent? drops belief, the sun?
His thoughts, in darkness, may be empires won.

Mark the gay children of the painted summer!
  Idly they wanton on the amorous gale.
Flowers waft fresh fragrance for each glad new-comer;
  They droop, they die, ere winter storms prevail.

Woman, the moth, fades from her purple sheen.
Flowers bloom perennial; only once their queen.

I turn the leaves of love's illumined psalter,
And many secrets in its page espy;
For I have knelt at Woman's vestal altar,
With Poesy, her priestess, in the sky;
And I have learned all falsehoods to disprove,
That shame the faith of man in woman's love.

Coleridge has truly said, "Man seeks the woman;
The woman seeks not man, but his affection."
Which love, I ask, is most divinely human,
That for the frame, or for the high perfection
Of worth and service? Woman gives her being;
Man but a vow, a light that flies the seeing.

Or rather, man, a craving voyager,
Coasts woman as a beauteous blooming isle,
Whence wafted fragrance comes, to harbinger
Delights heart-deep in its dim bowers that smile:
The tearful glory of its parted skies,
That sunset look, Eve brought from paradise.

That sunset look, half sadness, half affection!
The young frame graceful as if made of flowers!

The whispering tones, each one a resurrection
Of buried accents, that first told the hours
To Eden's twain! Ah me, her touch a might,
That half unlocks the reason to God's light!

Man coasts that isle. Could he possess it truly,
He might, from every deep, mysterious glade,
Call forth the soul of Nature, springing newly
To birth, in woman's vestal frame arrayed;
And find more truth, in every sacred well
Of consciousness, than priests or sages tell.

We wed and we are sated; the possession
Is but a mockery that passion craves.
Our hopes, that moved in exquisite procession,
Droop with the hours and find their dusty graves.
What is the mystic wand, without the will
Of the magician, or his hidden skill?

What is the lute, without the art to summon
The varied strain, its tuneful heritage?
We feed our wild goats on the grassy common,
That seemed Arcadia, and the Golden Age;
And when the flowers are trodden down, and bare
The herbage, hardly for her doom we care.

The common lot! Oh, for the power to change it!
Believe me, friend, that power is near to thee,
As meadow blooms are to the sheep that range it.
The truth not far, hadst thou but eyes to see.
The good man may, for mother, child, or wife,
Retrieve lost Eden, conquering back its life.

Woman, the vine, twines round her strong supporter;
In turn her clusters grace the barren tree.
Show her the path, and none to tread it bolder.
Lead, she will follow, smiling, glad, and free.
But fall, and hers to tend thy wounds, nor stir,
But crumble with thee to the sepulchre.

For still man is the head; nor will she rise
To any morning land, that lips the sun,
Till man, the prophet, reads the auguries;
Till man, the pilgrim, hath its portals won;
Till man, the hierophant, has found the shrine,
And lit the pyre for sacrifice divine.

One firm man, building life on true foundations;
One just man, veering never from the right;
One pure man, breathing but by inspirations;
One wise man, ever scintillant with light;

One kind man, wholly giving love for hate;
And woman follows,—enters Eden's gate.

Few are the years of man, ah, few and evil,
But woman's fewer; this should not be so.
Fair Eve, had she remained in state primeval,
Her loveliness had never ceased to glow.
The budded lip, young love delights to own,
Had kissed eternity, a rose full blown.

Beauty is not for earth, save as a vapour,
A moment radiant o'er the morning's tent.
The alabaster vase holds but a taper:
Love's fire with our cold stone is briefly blent.
The islet in the main, that charmed us so,
Veils its dead bloom with hyperborean snow.

We exile God, and think His gifts to keep.
Fools! can the day survive the vanished sun?
We choke the springs, and hope our fields to reap.
Youth wasted, hearts corrupted, lives undone,
Betray their source; Self-love, the harpy guest,
With foul Decay, is mistress of the breast.

I saw, as in a trance of solemn wonder,
A Titan at the forge his hammer ply.
Each spark was lightning, each vibration thunder.
Quoth he, "To lift this mighty hammer, try."
It rose, by might of faith, and, as it fell,
A groan responded from the heart of Hell.

Then said the armourer, "Smite thou again."
The splendid forge with incandescent heat
Flamed fearfully, as might the souls of men,
Robed in white dawn-flame for the judgment seat.
I smote, and saw the blow where it alit:
The anvil stood upon the fiery pit.

Meanwhile my bosom pulsed tumultuously
As wakened ocean. "Smite, O son, once more,"
The forge-man cried; again victoriously
The hammer fell; the anvil sank before
The weapon, but the Titan whispered low,
"Not thine the power; One in thee gave the blow."

I looked; the anvil, an aerolite
Fallen from the concave, smote with direst force
A temple of the dark Plutonean height,
Shivering its bulk as time dissolves a corpse;

And one therein, on human hearts who fed,
Lifted a man-medusa's towering head,

And with a voice as if the mouldering dead
Spake from their worms, groaned, "Ai, ai, broken
Mine immemorial spell, supine that led
Man's myriads, who died and left no token.
I Self-love am! the molten fires rain down;
As a submerging world in flames I drown.

"Only my hungers die not, nor my thirsts:
As continents and seas their food they crave.
The fiery hollow in my bosom bursts.
Now I shall gorge no more on the sweet grave,
But on myself; each appetite grows fierce,
With dire impalement its own frame to pierce.

"The men-worms of my separate perditions
Crawl to my lips for food, but there is none.
All the enchantments fail from my magicians.
Accursèd be the earth! accursed the sun!
Accursed be heaven and hell! accursed"—but there
He sank supine. A serpent and a bear

Tore at each other;—'tis the beast that fails,
Lashed by forked lightnings, wrapt in the red storm

Of the lithe horror, from whose gleaming scales
Shot madness million-eyed through all his form.
Anon triumphantly the conquering snake
His thirst, at the brute's heart, essayed to slake.

But springing from his deathlike trance, he tore
The anaconda, craunching flesh and bone,
As when the earthquake mouths the sandy shore,
And rives the headlands to their jaws of stone.
As earth and sea, when chaos bids them smite,
The twain were locked and mingled in the fight.

Till each turned on himself his own dread madness,
And each upon himself in fury fed.
Then their full misery feigned itself a gladness;
They licked each other's wounds, and either head
Assumed the other's image, till the stir
Of mingling dust ceased in one sepulchre.

I looked again; their forms in sleep were woven.
Hate pillowed hate, and madness, madness yet.
The hungers closed that for the fight were cloven;
Each thirst suspended, pausing to beget
New whirlwinds from the storms; new meteors rise
From the spent passions in their loveless eyes.

Self-love, thy hell must conquered be, or never
Shall man inherit Nature, and repose
By those cool streams that quench this maddening fever,
Which makes our life a dream of many woes.
Who conquers self, on death and hell has trod;
Round him is paradise; within him, God.

Still, as Self-love pervades us, God recedes;
And still, as God recedes, grim Ruin comes.
Her chariot is decay, drawn by the steeds
Of fantasy and pestilence; our homes
Are left unto us desolate; we pair
With kindred selfs, and hatch young vipers there.

What wonder then that social harmony
Flies the mad chaos of our warring powers?
The Church, a sacrilege; the State, a lie!
Fictions of order fit these souls of ours.
We spurn the sheltering folds of God's own heart;
And Tophet enters, while His loves depart.

No man has harmony within his spirit,
Till love of self resigns its evil life;
Nor harmony in all the senses 'herit,
Till the new natural heart with heaven is rife;

And soul and sense as voice and lute accord;
While self, the serpent, fails from God, the Word.

How then can harmony, in ampler stature,
Change and reform the State, while self has place,
Since of his instincts man is aye the creature,
Working for ends that flow from their embrace?
The wheat and tares, that grew together long,
Must severed be, ere the great harvest song.

Therefore the import of this song of mine.
The world is in its sere and yellow leaf.
The clusters purple upon Freedom's vine,
The grains are full in every human sheaf.
The winnowing comes,—God's breath the fiery fan,—
Then the new seed-time of the Word in man.

The world's a shell, but man a living bird.
Then man's a shell, his essence that enfolds.
That too a shell, for self, or for the Word;
If self, that self a Pandemonium holds.
Ope we our doors for one by self possest?
Smile as he may, the Tempter is our guest.

If I must perish, let annihilation
Close round my spirit; fearless I could go,

At Love's command, in awful adoration,
To final sleep in its enshrouding snow.
But self I will not serve; nor yet abate
Scorn of its scorn, and hatred of its hate.

Dissolve all seemings; bid Eternity
Strip the world naked; scatter from the mind
The clouds that are the brood of fantasy;
Let falsehood fall, and free her votaries blind;
Then, where ten thousand war-cries shook the main,
Filled earth, and rose to heaven, but two remain.

Self-worshippers, they swarm in many a million,
Tainting the globe, and each, as he flits by,
Clouds from his fiery heart the blue pavillion.
The mists of their fierce burnings multiply,
While Reason sickens in her own despite,
And holiest hearts almost despair of Right.

And shall these human worms, that pierce each other,
With change of custom cast their loathly rings?
Shall they, whose nature 'tis to hate the brother,
Yield virgin kisses, they who bear but stings?
No harmony of palace, shrine, or mart,
Can wean from self th' Iscariots of the heart.

Shall harmony be for them? There is one
Dread test they cannot pass, and one alone.
God's attributes revolve in unison;
So move the fire-breaths from the great white throne.
Wrapt by those breaths, from every creed and race,
The just shall mingle in the Word's embrace.

Base men can practise virtue in the letter,
Yet burn its essence daily at the stake.
False men for gain the truth may argue, better
Than those who for its smiles the world forsake.
Art, reason, eloquence, belief, they share;
All else but Love, and Love's pervading air.

And Love, by pontiff and by king rejected,
Whom every Church denied and State opprest,
Shall gather from all earth His own elected,
And ope the new republic of His breast.
Dives and Lazarus shall then be seen,
Each in his place, and the fixed gulf between.

Led by the banner of self-sacrifice,
Along the path where Love incarnate bled;
Encountering still th' infernal sorceries,
That rise through hearts where Evil hides her dead,

We reach the goal: the mystic splendours part.
What our new Eden? 'tis Messiah's heart!

When He arose triumphant, He infolded
All powers and elements of Nature's frame.
In the God-man those elements, remoulded,
Descend, completing that for which He came;
While quivering, bleeding flesh, the serpent's prey,
Leans on His lip, and breathes her death away.

Let worldlings go, as crowds of driven cattle,
Goring each other, to destruction's gate.
Let creedlings claim the prize but shun the battle;
And summer drones to spoil the hive await.
I know upon what arm I lean; I tread,
Hearing the trumpet that shall wake the dead.

The elements of Christ, with natures blending,
Who dare for Him each new Gethsemane,
Who, though invading hells their flesh are rending,
And they are nailed upon the accursèd tree,
Yet struggle, following Him, if they must die,
To shed His Spirit through humanity;

Those elements, with glorious shapes invested
Of attributal beauty, worth and good,

Possessing souls of every ill divested,
Shall fill the heart with their supernal brood.
The martyr's torch lights on the midnight way;
Christ glorified shines forth, and lo 'tis day!

Lo, the Good Shepherd! where His flock He feedeth,
The wolves are banished and the sheep secure.
Of that new kingdom which this age succeedeth,
I know, that in it lives no form impure;
And none shall enter, bearing on the robe
One spot, of any ill that taints the globe.

For this avails no priestly absolution.
'Tis renovation that shall make us fit
To blossom, in a beauteous evolution
Of love and wisdom from the Infinite.
The wheel of harmony's revolving throne
For God's new people,—'tis God's heart alone.

When eyes grow bright, as for the judgment burning;
When lips grow pure, as if God's lip they press;
When hearts grow chaste, Divinity in-urning;
By radiant truth and steadfast holiness;
When Innocence, the angel, sees her grace
Wrought in the frame and mirrored in the face;

Then is this kingdom nigh; the veil is lifted,
The throne is set, the books are opened then;
Though sands of self were on the bosom drifted,
And the dim senses were the tombs of men.
The trumpet sounds, and they who slept come forth.
Freedom rejoice! thy Word shall judge the earth.

The times draw nigh when men the self shall hate,
As now they love it; felt this mortal soul
By the sad spirit as a mountain weight
Of pumice, in whose veins the fire-floods roll.
Till then for earth no rest of settled peace;
But misery and decay, that bring decease.

Till then, the flesh must be consumed by angers;
Till then, the wheels within us move with moan;
The heart grow faint; the body waste with languors;
The fire of being chill to frozen stone.
Till then, the light in beauty's eyes grow dim;
The urn of life with agony o'erbrim.

PART X.

ARGUMENT.

Divine comforting for the new man. The soul of Nature and her new song. The woe of Nature for the desolations of mankind. Scepticism and half-heartedness of the age. Its enmity to divine reforms; its treachery and scepticism. The enslavement of Religion. Her lamentation. An embodied religion the need of mankind. The prospective deliverance and enthronement of Religion. Revelations of the Divine Presence. Earth a stage for the drama of the Spirit.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART X.

Look up! the skies are blue, the Night unbinds
  Her starry tresses; all the holy air,
Cradling within its breast the infant winds,
  Sleeps dreamless in her frame's diffusion there;
Till Morning on his minaret shall stand,
And sound the call to prayer, from land to land.

Look up, and, while the speaking Heavens discourse,
  In language of swift smiles, attune thine ear
To that sweet song that fills life's universe.
  The Genius of our better fate draws near.
Tug at the fetter, though the heart-strings break;—
One hears, One folds thee, who will ne'er forsake.

His bendiction rests o'er every pillow,
  Where longing hearts and sleepless eyes consume
Night in their anguish; borne along the billow,
  Delicious waftings of divine perfume
Reveal that Presence drawing nigh, who gives
The joyous breath, that Nature feels, and lives.

Doth He afflict us? 'Tis the loving Father,
The sacred Mother, through the dull, dead sense,
Moving with myriad harmonies, that gather
Voice from the infinite munificence
Of love and beauty. Pains, that cleave the clay,
Are labour-throes that bring the breathing day.

Look up! serene the sky; and so thy breast
Mirroring this azure calm full soon may be.
Yon pulsing stars, eternally possest
Of youth and morning, prophets are to thee.
Rise, for thy Light has come; arise and shine!
Wert thou but chaos? beam an orb divine.

There is a song that would for aye be heard;
There is a joy that would for aye be known;
That song is Nature's offering to her Lord;
That joy her bridal night beneath the throne,
Her Love possessing, by her Love possest:
That song I heard, that joy my heart carest.

I saw the Soul of this thrice lovely world,
As Eve in Eden; but with rapid stress,
Plying soft winglets to the breeze unfurled,
She sped through ether, showering loveliness

Upon all gentle things of land and sea,
And fed the laughing airs with ecstasy.

Her voice, in many a sacred undulation,
  Thrilled the far stars with omens of pure bliss.
The words, like some tremendous incantation,
  Prevailed against Hate's desolate abyss;
While over many a weary heart and brain,
They fell, as musical as vernal rain.

Thence every separate creature drew the gift
  It most desired or needed; blisses new
And innocent as violets that uplift
  Their odorous petals, globed with light and dew,
For the soul's sunshine and the heart's delight,
She wafted; and her words were as the might

Of summer warmth when summer days are sweetest:
  My heart within me carolled as a bird:
Hearing, she sang, "Thou soul, in joy completest,
  Listen, oh, listen. I adore the Word;
And all my elements for love o'erbrim,
With incense of sweet praise I offer Him.

"He only is the true and perfect Real;
  He was, and is, and is for evermore;

Uniting in full blisses Hymenial,
All who in purity His name adore.
The sun for strength, the moon for beauty stand,
As cupbearers, who wait to serve His hand.

"He brims their urns to bless my wandering planet;
Divine the nectar that their beams distil.
The dews that wet my brow, the airs that fan it,
The joys my heart and its quick veins that fill,
From those full chalices perennial poured,
Are gifts of blessing from the bounteous Word.

"The sun by day, the moon by night, commingle
All that they are, with all that is of mine.
To Thee, O Word, with bosom pure and single,
I bring my offerings, for all are Thine;
And I am Thine; this elemental fire
Springs to world-blossom, while Thou dost inspire.

"For Thee and Thine arise my gentle graces,
The star-bright nymphs, genii of flood and field;
The songful tribes of air; the secret races,
Who work Thy will in my orbed heart concealed.
Behold them! lovingly all powers embrace.
Behold them! gratefully all seek Thy face.

"Thou spreadest forth Thy robe and we repose
Upon its broidered folds; Thy smiles above
Arch glittering heavens; the yellow light, that strows
Fertility, is pregnant from Thy love.
Thy bounty ripens in the golden ear;
Thy fulness crowns with harvest all the year.

"Thy joy gives joy to what seems lifeless marble;
It thrills the young leaves of the wilderness;
It leaps to song where wingèd creatures warble;
All float in boundless oceans of Thy bliss.
O Word made flesh, and very God indeed,
Thy life Thou sowest; men and heavens are seed.

"The stone, that thrills to the warm touch of morning,
Loves Thee as man doth not; the bleating flocks;
The laughing flowers my summer days adorning;
The very weeds, that lave their dripping locks
In the salt seas;—than man they love Thee more;
All that they feel but prompts them to adore.

"Each floral spirit seeks its heaven of flowers:
Beauty, that perished, finds her life restored.
The wingèd warblers own celestial powers
Within Thy airy voice; the seas, that poured

Their brimming floods, rise in the glittering bow ;
Again their spirits round Thy forehead glow.

" And I am rising, I, an emanation
Of light and beauty ; borne beyond the sun,
My elements survive their transformation.
Robes, by the genii of the seasons spun,
Change momently to whirlwinds of white fire :
Translated, Thy perfections I respire.

" The blossoms fall not, spangling my fair meadows ;
Nor find their future in Plutonian gloom.
My birds, they fall not, piping in the shadows ;
Nor turn to serpents dire in Evil's womb.
My seasons vanish, in Thy smile to dwell ;
Spring, summer, autumn, have no place in hell.

" Woe for my human offspring, dear All-father !
I seek them where Thy festive seasons play :
They are not where the blossoms breathe together
Delicious fragrance in the lap of May.
Air, ocean, earth, I call, ' where have they fled ? '
Shall I forever mourn my children dead ?

" They spread as rain-drops, by the tempest shaken ;
Nor time unites them in life's urn again.

My peace, my purity, they have forsaken :—
Ah, sorrow, for this loveless race of men !
Thou gavest lambs, from heaven's fresh pasture fed :
Behold them, serpents, tigers, swine, instead.

"Now I am wéary; weary is my ocean,
Laving its curvèd shores, oppressed by slaves.
Now I am weary; hateful is the motion
Of my dim orb, one labyrinth of graves.
Now I am weary; my pure airs grow dense;
My kisses, at man's lip, are pestilence.

"Oh, I am weary ! Hateful are the splendours,
That beam upon man's internecine fight.
Age after age its rifled clay surrenders,
To feed the harpies of the obscure night.
Oh, I am weary ! Time grows old, and space,
Since Evil first wrought fetters for my race.

"Oh, I am weary ! Let me rest ! The raven
Has fed full long upon my snow-white dove.
Within Thy bosom let me find my haven,
Renewing there the ardours of sweet love.
O Word made flesh, my tones in silence fail;
Yet let not hatred, but Thy will, prevail."

Clasped in the coils of one wide fantasy,
The cultivated nations look askance
At the pure truth whose burning arrows fly;
And veil themselves from its dread countenance.
So all is fair without, what lurks within
Must be unspoken; to reveal, is sin.

What though the world is one smooth glare of ice,
So thin that death awaits the skaters there?
He prospers best, who, with some quaint device
Of language, cheats the bosom of its care;
Or, with half truths, beguiles the glittering throng.—
Who speaks but half, speaks ever for the wrong.

The halves kept back are aye the halves that give
The warning, the alarm, the call that saves.
How well the priest, the scribe, the *savant* live,
Yielding the dainty mind the food it craves!
Half-told Religion rings Religion's knell;
And Heaven, half-pictured, smooths the way to Hell.

"Calm seas and easy sailing," that the motto!
The crimes we dare not speak are those that kill.
To paint a murder, it is said Giotto
Stabbed a poor peasant, feeding to the fill

On living agonies; this age does worse;
With woven colours, harmonies of verse,

Murder it folds in beauty; we forbear
And temporise, when to conceal is crime.
Our silence breeds perdition; thus we share
The gains, but shun the dangers of the time.
Of what was done we speak, in words half true;
Nor ask, in faith, "Lord, what have we to do?"

That men were once inspired we do not doubt;
With purple robes we clothe the holy Past.
But when the priesthood curse, and rabble shout,
We bend like reeds, nor dare to meet the blast.
We kneel to idols that the world deceive:—
Success is won by seeming to believe.

Thou shalt not steal, or kill, and all the list
That follows, shape our maxims; while we strive
God's absolute commandment to resist,
"Thou shalt not with the base and wrong connive."
'Tis our offence for issues old to fight;
Cursing at once dead Wrong and living Right.

We know the heart has gone from Christendom,
But still our neighbours prize the painted clay.

Ah, we are well abroad, but ill at home;
Our ceremonial lives the true betray.
Mates at the feast, but neutrals at the stake;
We claim the Truth, receive, and then forsake.

Count not, Reformer, on the stately paper,
Endorsing thee in Journal or Review.
What is to present sight the radiant vapour,
Becomes a sea-fog, shutting land from view.
They who win bread from what the masses give,
Must serve their idol; serve, or cease to live.

Each new reform breeds unknown opposition.
What demon from the social heart may stir;
What priesthood launch its thunders of perdition;
What stealthy death unlock the sepulchre;
What Peter fail; what Judas lead the foe;
Never do fates predict, or friends foreknow.

Half friends worst foes! Ah, would to God that all
Were wholly with, or wholly 'gainst the Right.
But now men half would wear the putrid pall,
And half the seamless vesture of the light.
Each has his margin,—what is safe to dare.—
Better be fairly false, than falsely fair.

It seems a paradox; but read the Past.
What wounds are these on Truth's, on Freedom's frame?
Empires of hope, that fell with sudden blast,
As by the earthquake's shock, or lava's flame,—
Still had they triumphed, lasting as the fates,
But for half friends, traitors within the gates.

Why, O Religion, art thou chained and driven,
At every crowned oppressor's chariot wheels?
The wholly base, as Satan fallen from heaven,
Thy glance o'erwhelms. Poor captive, whose appeals
Vainly are borne this vale of tears along,
Speak, I adjure thee, how enslaved by Wrong?

She speaks: "My sons allied themselves to daughters
Of the world's evil, and a race upgrew,
Beside the rivers of my peaceful waters,
With hearts effeminate and soft as dew,
The Sybarites of faith; or, fiercely base,
Belied that Record they could not efface.

"Bossuet exulted at the dragonades;
Geneva shouted when Servetus bled;
Spain butchered in a new world's virgin glades;
Albion a pall of woven horrors spread,

And in the cold and measured lust of gain,
Smote Asia, Afric', as a mightier Cain.

"Whate'er she touched was cursed; her cities grew
On slavery and robbery; the ghost
Hypocrisy, wrapt as in starry blue,
Crowned with the sun, draws after him the host
Of the world's third and loftier domain.
There I, Religion, languish in the chain.

"Those blest for me, in faith's divine baptism;
Those pledged to me, in many a mystic rite;
Those touched by 'nointings of my sacred chrism,
Nursed by my warmth, and kindled by my light,
My image keep,—for that perchance may save,—
My bosom outrage, and my life enslave.

"There is no land that man can call his own,
Where Truth or Freedom or Religion reign.
Age after age, by lust and pretence sown,
Springs human seed to poison shore and main.
Pagans of creed are worsted in the strife;
But surely smite our pagans of the life."

Where thy right arm, Religion? Galley slave,
Chained to thy oar, Oppression masters thee:

Thou foundest States, to find in each a grave:
There's not a ship on any Christian sea,
There's not a hamlet, nor a village throne,
Where the true Order worships God alone.

The earth needs doctrine, by example teaching.
Alas, half friends the faith they own betray.
To banish, from one hamlet, over-reaching
And lust, is past Religion's power alway.
Round the great world Faith welds the Christian tire;
The wheel moves not; the axle waits the fire.

Ay, fire! but other fire than prelates fashion,
Invoking thunderbolts on creeds they hate.
Ay, fire! but other than the selfish passion,
That conquers lands to leave them desolate.
Ay, fire! the Pentecost, from tongues conveyed,
To learning, genius, industry, and trade.

Self scatters men, or holds them, by the fusion
Of interest, in the order Tophet owns;
Meanwhile we see in hideous protrusion,
The wrecks of manhood, scoria, ashes, bones.
Man-eaters and self-servers rob the house:—
Bury from sight the beautiful pure spouse.

Bury Religion! Better than defile
That sacred bosom; let her lie, with flowers
O'er her pale corse. I know heaven's light will smile
Radiant as now, and lead the dancing hours.
Ay, God will smile, that we have made our plight:—
Wrong serves Him better than half-hearted Right.

Wrong serves Him. God, for souls that evil cherish,
Fashions an order fixedly severe;
And, lest creation from their sorcery perish,
Holds them at last in Arctic zones of fear;
Or loosens them that they may work His will,
Since man by combat learns to conquer ill.

But the half good, for them what base of order?
They will, and will not; double grows the face.
One seeks in Righteousness the great rewarder;
The other craves at Evil's board a place.
They, in one soul, one frame, would fain have dwell,
The truth of heaven, the policy of hell.

Can man be wholly true to his convictions?
Has Evil right to boast and domineer?
Rise, brother, claim Love's unfulfilled predictions.
Lo, the winged steeds! lo, the bright charioteer!

Shake self from off thee; clasp that awful guest,
The Word, who waits with heaven to fill thy breast.

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven,"
Is the fiend's motto. Other far than this,
Better to serve in hell,—such service given,—
Than reign above, were the true spirits' bliss.
All seeming goods that end in self are base:
Slay them, O man; then meet God, face to face.

Oft He approaches; oft our hearts recede;
For still our private ends, with secret stress,
Resist the tones, deep in the heart that plead.
I tell thee, brother, thoughts thy heart that press,
Which thou hast felt, and often forced aside,
Came from Love's heart, borne by its ocean tide.

I tell thee, brother, poor, perchance heart-broken,
Believing, unbelieving, all as one,
The everlasting God hath in thee spoken;
Yea, pleadeth now;—pale meteor, moth undone,
Scorched by the taper, fluttering to the grave,
God's hand is on thee, and He comes to save.

Pause, while the Night, her sacred breast unveiling,
Shows the bright stars, her virgin thoughts, that course

In wingèd flight, unresting and unfailing,
Each the glad mother of a universe,
Whose countless lives unite as lovers blend.—
Doth not all heaven show like one tender friend?

The winds are still, and the night-blowing flowers
Shed their sweet odours, round thy robe to cling:
The happy birds, in their aerial towers,
Wake, chirrup, sink to rest with folded wing.
Canst thou not feel the Spirit, not by fear,
But by exceeding love, thy bosom near?

Shrink not into thyself; shrink from it rather.
Holy the earth, where summer breathes her balm.
Child, ope thy bosom, ope for the All-father.
Whence comes this awful, yet uplifting calm?
The Stillness, that to Nature gives its voice,
Folds thee into Himself; believe, rejoice!

Brother, thou art to thy own heart a stranger.
Here know thyself; thy pact with evil end.
Fear'st thou th' unknown, or dreadest the avenger?
Spirit of Nature, lo, He smiles, thy Friend.
Melt, heart, from all thy hardness, all thy death:—
Lo, the God-man, Jesus of Nazareth!

With special presence for all human creatures,
And special solace for our several woes,
And special tenderness in speaking features,
Brother, His bosom opes, thy sure repose ;
Nor asks He, of thy past, how dark, or dim ;
But only, wilt thou give thy heart to Him ;

I know He gathers up, within His hand,
The seeds of autumn, sowing them again,
When the new Spring wakes at His effluence bland,
With joy and beauty for the sons of men.
Learn this, O brother, 'neath the starry powers,
He cares for thee, more than for fruits or flowers.

A moment !—That Great Presence seems to fly.
And yet but seems. Ah, had thy heart been stronger
That transitory touch of Deity
Had sweeter been, and clearer, mightier, longer.
Pleasure grows pain when human loves have lit
Their lamps within ; how then the Infinite ?

God breaks the mold wherein His Ages cast
Faiths, empires, those colossi vast and dread.
Never again the feet that hurry past
Return, but oft, when the soul's night is wed,

In sudden star-flame, to the seer's eye,
Elysium, Tartarus, before it lie;

As if an earth were sundered, either lobe
Gathering into itself all that was fair
Or foul; the awful spectrum of a globe,
Re-peopling its void solitudes, with air,
And earth, and ocean, and with many a race
Of powers, that here dwelt in the heart's embrace.

All living men mark the dividing line.
The objective's Nature; while within us swell
Alternate tide-waves, demon or divine,
Pulses borne from the heart of heaven or hell.
With rapid change, the life, that fills our dust,
Becomes pure virtue, or unmingled lust.

Here then the miracle of transmutation.
No alchemist such wonder knows, or seer
Beholding Nature's beauteous re-creation.
The true unveiling is beyond the bier.
From the dull stone leaps the electric fire;
More wondrous, from the corse the heart's desire.

Here we are actors at the play's rehearsal.
The king his empire doffs, the boor his clod.

On, to the stage! No part can find reversal;
We chose them in the liberty of God.
The "may be," here upon the soul that waited,
As "must be" there, comes joy or terror freighted.

Life is a sorcery, and life's estate
Of health, of genius, time and all its hours,
To the true man, whose heart is in his fate,
One slow, sad vanquishment of evil powers.
Few regnant souls hath this sad planet seen;
Few, and "like angels' visits, far between."

But each by turns,—a rock of spirit crystal,—
Upholds another, narrowing from the base.
Upward for aye moves Faith and leads the vestal
Children of morning to the God's embrace.
Nor rise we, but as sloths and lusts expire,
Cast by the will, as demons, to their fire.

Evil dies not when mortal passions gain
Their icy bourne; nor Evil's opposite.
Age goes a harvester, who drives the wain.
Life's taper, at our breathing entrance lit,
Broadens till we depart, then flames anon,
The blazing chaos, or the beaming sun.

On the dividing line we sit and shiver;
In natural joy we bid the soul forget
The inward voice, that sounds the now or never!
Fond dream! our very natural joys beget
No natural race: or radiant or forlorn,
Our loves, that leave the heart, are Spirit-born.

In youth the mind, the heart, the fancy, travel,
The paths of earth and empire to descry.
In age, the heart gropes inly to unravel
Itself; alas, do men from spectres fly?
'Tis the poor instinct that repels the doom.
Hark, the soul's caverns echo, 'tomb to tomb!'

Gay youth, in life's exuberant wantonness,
Makes music of decay, and rhymes the grave.
But grim old age locks up its bitterness,
And nerves itself the final plunge to brave.
Time, like Delilah, with our locks who plays,
Shears us of strength, then blinds, and 'slaves, and slays.

Sweet is the nectar on life's virgin lip,
Whose final taste is bitterness and gall.
Life's budding charm with eager arms we clip;
Its bloated bulk, its withered shade appal.

Life's orb, upon time's westering verge it lies,
The corse of morn's fair star, that ruled the skies.

Passion, *sans* love, burns, a consuming fever.
Boldly take God into thy passions, thou
Who, in the transient, hopest the forever.
Fear not! shall Love's Infinity endow,
With perfect bloom, the atoms at thy feet;
Nor make thee less,—a soul,—than summer sweet?

Take Love into thy passions, drink thy fill
Of Deity, as morn absorbs the sun.
With fiery ardours of impassioned will,
Scorn the illusions of a world undone.
Duty, to prove thee, wears a mask of ice:—
Unmask her, lo, the bride, the paradise!

The deepest, purest joy, the sense that stirs,
But with its last vibration thrills the dead.
In golden air, beyond the sepulchres,
Earth-rooted bliss, thine angel flowers dispread.
Its warmest breath, remembered Nature yields,
To subtler scents of Love's Elysian fields.

PART XI.

ARGUMENT.

The story of the lily. The new celestial-natural man. His intromissions into nature. The world of divine affections within his frame. The lost ideal of the natural man. Nearness of the divine harmonics. Social horrors falsities, hypocrisies, and desolations of Great Britain. The noble ideal of Britain. Kingship and priesthood in the new harmony.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART XI.

'Tis wisely written, in the Alcoran,
That paradise is in the shade of swords.
Love, that puts valour in the heart of man,
Through Nature's heart upbears him to her Lord's.
One summer night the lily of the vale
To the white myrtle told this mystic tale.

"Through the deep heart of her, who, in all flowers,
Hides with pure fragrance her consummate grace,
And as a mother who her babe endowers,
Folds the year's beauty, fed from her embrace;—
Through Nature's heart, a pulse of sweet desire
Sped tremulous and swift as newborn fire.

"And the winds heard it, and the frozen vapours
Vanished; and every poison, chill, and damp,
Pierced as the Midianites when flamed the tapers
And shrilled the trumpets round their midnight
camp;

And every sorcery was broken then,
That holds fierce carnival in murdered men.

"Man, on the wheel of his high circumstance,
Turns like a broken insect; he opposes
The ray, that darting from All-father's glance,
Creates glad summer, weaves her vest of roses.
More swift it turns, more swift the insect flies,
Gasps in the motion, flutters, fails, and dies.

"Turn swift, O wheel, for one who would decry
Each impulse of the base, self-serving age.
Thy motion, else but death, brings liberty.
Turn swift, and bear him to his heritage;
While visioned Hope, who smiled and shone before,
Leans her white wing at Eden's open door.

"The shoes of grief were on his feet, the helm
Of agony those throbbing temples prest:
His heart against the foeman's lances beat:
Hate with envenomed arrows pierced his breast:
Foxes of craft, harpies of evil, found
An earthly home;—he but a battle-ground.

"But on his breast the sacred cross was shining,
Wreathed there with purity's rich flower-de-luce;

And passion-blooms, that Warrior's helm entwining,
Were bound with laurels of the first-born muse.
Comes he a pilgrim, resting for the night?
Nay, as a conqueror to divine delight.

"His the new natural soul, whose silver crescent,
With many a star of promise in her train,
Reflects, reveals, the glory omnipresent,
That bathes all heavens in bliss without a stain;
And his the fire-breath, passionate and free,
That inundates the heart with Deity."

I saw him go, of whom the lily sang;
Kind Nature, as a mother, opened wide
That bosom whence no evil ever sprang;
That heart where love finds rest beatified;
And all the tribes of Nature, gently bold,
Sought in their full delight his frame to fold.

In Nature's brain he communed with her thought;
And Nature's life his full desire requited.
He gathered rapture in her bosom, fraught
With ecstasies, from worlds by wrong unblighted.
And still her heart's quick motion, with a flame
Of subtlest melody, informed his frame.

He touched the spirits of the holy flowers;
Their dainty flesh was human, sweet and kind.
The lady myrtle clasped him in her bowers;
The gentle soul of every summer wind
Took angel face and form, with winglets rare:
Unveiled, they fed his heart, caressing there.

The powers that veil themselves in fire and stone,
To shape the granite calyx of the globe,
Communed with him in many a gentle tone.—
The very flame clasped him as with a robe
Of thrilling flesh; and fluent marbles told
Their secret joys, that grow to veins of gold.

The maidens of the grape gave sister kisses,
To slake his thirst as with enchanted wine.
All fruits revealed themselves as human blisses,
That shape world-manna, taught by Love Divine.
Where he had felt a wrong, or fought an ill,
His wounds were channels for Elysium still.

Slowly the heaven concealed within sensation,
Obscured so long, that dimly Faith divined,
Lit by the sun of Truth's first revelation,
Opened, in God, and the world's breath enshrined;

And there, in naked loveliness unshorn
Of God's first beauty; was it Eve new-born?

Nay, 'twas the virgin spirit of the will,
Unfed by aught save by the Lord's caresses;
Whispering divine delight in music still;
Exhaling fragrance from her golden tresses;
Ruling that mystic realm, in perfect grace
Of royalty, shed from the Father's face.

And there were heart-men who, on golden viols,
Played the new song, which they alone shall hear,
Who rise to martyr life through martyr trials:
Their homes are to their Lord's own heart so near,
That the low motion of the Word's delight
Is melody all day, and rest all night.

And there were eye-men, crowned with day's warm splendour,
Holding the solar rainbows in their hand.
Their mild, calm faces as Love's own are tender,
And where they tread, fresh flowers adorn the land;
And, when their trumpets blow, all seeds forsake
The fruitful mould, as when immortals wake.

And there were ear-men, veiled in woven garlands,
Which, when they spread for motion to the blast,

Give songs like those that rose and filled the star-lands,
When God Messiah to redemption passed;
And, when they sing, the mind is overflowed
With joy, as when o'er vanquished Hell He trode.

The ghosts of our dead years, a piteous throng,
Cower on the wintry steep, and shuddering there,
Mingle their flocks with phantoms borne along,—
Powers, splendours, victories, divinely fair,
That might have been, but are not.—Fail our fires!
In each, unborn, some heavenly hope expires.

"Oh, for the lost Ideal unachievèd!"
Men sigh too late, in bitterness of pain;
And loftiest souls, who might have half retrievèd
An age from darkness, theirs the deepest bane.
Theirs but a crescent nature, brimmed with tears,
That might, full orbed, have fed with light the years.

Our Venice sinks beneath her blue lagoon;
Our purple Tyre, a spectre, haunts the strand.
Did the lost Pleiad from her circle swoon?
Our life-star, like her, fades from sea and land.
How flies the spirit, as the glow-worm's spark,
That should have risen, a planet, on the dark!

Yet every life should have a golden ending;
Youth, a celestial hero, front his time;
Manhood, with ripened worth the world befriending,
Dispense meridian beams of truth sublime;
While Age, unspent, from his prophetic height,
Should rise transfigured to the perfect light.

Idly to fret and chafe against the bars,
Wins no deliverance from the world's decay.
There is a peace no discord ever jars;
Win that, and hate and death have lost their prey.
A thousand aions distant is to one
That harmony, his brother finds begun.

Shall Eden bloom? thyself, O man, begin it.
God's paradise in every heart is born.
The prime awaits, for all by worth who win it.
Art thou a serf, a slave, by passions torn?
Still the Great Power full oft pervades thy breast,
Who opes that Eden to the pilgrim's quest.

Self-love but veils it, self and its illusions.
Death is no pilot to that shining goal:
Death but confirms the base in their delusions.
Wake then from self, the nightmare of the soul.

Love waits in thee to work His will divine;
Thy life His word; thy frame his Palestine.

For now the creeds of withered eld grow hoary,
While Earth awaits fresh avatars of life.
The Word, that wrought the pageant and the story
Of buried years, with inspiration rife;
The crowned, imperial Monarch of mankind,
Decrees the lasting liberties of mind.

He comes in harmony. The truths are spoken
That never shall into His breast return,
Till Tyranny on his own wheel is broken;
And Lust extinguished where his victims burn;
And Sorcery snared by its own wiles abhorred;
And Hate pierced by its own transfixing sword.

A moment pause, a moment linger here,
Before the earth is wrapped in fiery heat.
Shed from thee this white leprosy of fear.
Dread not Love's heart, that through thine own would beat.
While Nature smiles, clasped in that large embrace,
Look up, behold, 'tis thy dear Father's face!

In Albion's halls there is a sound of joy.
The daughter of the vikings comes to wed
An empiré's glory in that smiling boy,
Sated with gold when myriads cry for bread;
And many a sister, born perchance more fair,
Hawks her starved beauty on the pavements bare.

A place for everything in that proud mart;
For genius, culture, title, good or base.
Alas, no place for that best thing, the heart,—
God's chariot only distanced in the race!
Where e'en the daisy finds a spot to bloom,
God's bosom flower is choked in charnel gloom.

In the old minster, for high worship mete,
Lo, Britain's placemen many a prayer intone.
There Art knelt once to kiss Religion's feet,
And Beauty shaped a footstool for the throne.
All that the Gothic genius wrought is there;
Walls firm as duty, spires that lift like prayer.

Here the extremes of Arcady and Hell!
The endless hunger; the perpetual feast;
Life all a jubilee; life all a knell;
Beast robed as Beauty; Beauty made a beast.

Fixed institutions, rock-built as the shore ;
And surging want, the craving ocean's roar.

All life unloosed in seething passions here ;
  All life dead froze in wintry torpor there :
Not crime, but poverty, the present fear :
  Faith's war-horse bartered for the elbow-chair :
The Church a sleep ; Dissent a clamorous call ;
The senses, Titans; Mammon, God o'er all.

He who feels Britain's heart feels all the world :
  He who tastes Britain's joy tastes all its cheer.
Who sees her scorn, from lip to nostril curled,
  Scans more, the pride of the infernal sphere.
Can one man sum her craft, her valour ? Lo,
Not Alfred, Cromwell, 'tis, but Marlborough !

Yet Greece, in pure ideal, told of Beauty
  And godlike Freedom ; Islam speaks of Fate ;
While Albion, highest, of one nobler, Duty,
  Guided by Faith, and building well the State.
Whate'er the years of wreck and ruin bring,
Sceptre and rood were hers,—the priest and king.

Is kingship worthful ? and is loyalty
  A sacred virtue ? Is there public health

Save at thy board, bounteous Equality,
Nurse of world-order, mother of world-wealth?
Heaven beamed, we know, through Cromwell's eye severe.
Shone no pure day-gleam o'er the cavalier?

It did beam there. Yon gothic pile will moulder;—
William of Wykeham lives as Phidias now,—
But royalty, than Richard, Edward, bolder,
Wear Michael's crown on nobler Alfred's brow,
And kingdoms rise, on hearts of British worth,
Where morning lights, or evening leaves the earth.

May kings give birth to kings? Of this I know not:
Vile Solomon was born of David's line.
Worth ebbs from sire to son; why may it flow not,
And a long lineage rule by right divine?
So that they are the bravest and the best,
Arm for their right, and set the lance at rest.

True kingship, understood, is burden-bearing.
A secular providence, it leads the way,
To broader, higher, fuller manhood; caring
As doth the shepherd for the sheep alway.
Show me the king who rules by shepherd's crook,
And I will read his right from God's own book.

Ah! kingship, if for aye were from thee wrested
Self's shameless garb and Satan's diadem,
And thine the robe that Love's crowned martyr vested,
Thy Japheth race might rule the tents of Shem;
And perfect Cœur de Lions lead the way
To statelier Zions of the coming day.

Theirs to unfurl the great industrial standard,
Ordering that new crusade Heaven's heroes share,
While British men lead the resistless vanguard:
Each desert then a holy sepulchre;
And, where the sands of Ishmael have blown,
Reared the heart's Palestine for David's throne.

What priesthood then shall wear the sacred mitre?
Hierarchs who share, and not who shame, the cross:
Their words not vultures then, than pure doves whiter,
And statelier than the ocean albatross.
Feet braced on earth, hands lifted to the sky,
They stand, while heaven descends and demons fly.

The good, the better, and the best, shall mark
The periods of their long procession then;
And they shall beam like planets on the dark,
And live as angels might with mortal men:—

The Church her minster build within the gate,
Soul sphered in form, inspiriting the State.

And they shall sit as in the planet's eyes,
Beaming towards God, and in the planet's ear,
Interpreting aright the auguries,
Nearest to Him, as to man's heart most near;
And they shall move as in God's nerves, that thrill
With messages of peace to mind and will.

A priesthood this in length of days for ever,
Trampling on the world-hydra's writhing neck,
Uplifting always and enslaving never.
King Abraham then shall clasp Melchisedec;
And the starred Earth amid the orbs respire,
Like Saturn girt with two-fold belt of fire.

PART XII.

ARGUMENT.

The mysteries of language. The life of humanity embodied in its words. Symbolical speech. The Vedas and the Pentateuch. A temple in the Sun. A priest in the Sun. The Solar Word and revelations therein. The seven epochs of creation. The grief and ruin in the Soul of the World. The Soul of the World receiving the incarnation. The Divine Man reappearing through the soul of the world for the judgment of the nations. Issues of the coming time. A mansion in the Sun. The dwelling-place of the floods. The ancient deluge. Vision of an attributal man by the waters of the Sun. The ancient doom of water and the coming doom of fire. Chiefs of industry in the Sun. Harmonic labour and its rewards. Final vision. The priest, the temple, and the bell. Inspirations of the new man. Secrets of power and longevity. Interpervasion of terrestrial by solar life. The heralds of the Lord. The end.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

PART XII.

Language, the fossil foliage of the brain,
Forever blooms, forever petrifies.
Our common words hold many an orphic strain;
The tears of thought congeal and crystallize.
The careless phrase, that rudest boors employ,
Ran chill with anguish once, or red with joy.

Could we dissect the bony frame of words,
What mysteries of heaven and hell were bare;
Phrases thought hammered into fatal swords,
Or love shot arrow-like against despair:
Aerolites, dropped from th' eternal hall:
Carved hieroglyphs of Eden's shining wall.

What is to-day a thrill of joy or sorrow,
Wherewith the bosom labours, unexprest,
Shall be some nebula of thought to-morrow;
Then bloom, an orb, in woven language drest.
The noblest statues rise beneath the pen;
Words trace, not forms, but living souls of men.

What mean the Vedas,—what the Pentateuch?
The symbol stands but we have lost the key.
The child upon his father's face may look,
And wrinkled age, not power and wisdom see.
Works that the eldest Fates or wrought or planned,
They read alone, the Fates who understand.

I saw a temple on an eminence
Within the Sun; 'twas language fixed in air,
Open to reason, tangible to sense.
The living words of living men were there,
That drew by sympathy the crystalline,
And clothed themselves therewith, and shone divine.

Then one, a priest, whose name I dare not tell,
Forth from the folds of his illumined robe
A volume drew, and bade me read it well.
'Twas the primeval poem of our globe;
In other words,—this Pentateuch of ours.
I read as one holds converse with the powers.

First the starred mystery of Elohim!
As the God-man I saw Him, poet-wise,
Filling a vase with perfume to the brim;
Then all the six days' wonder met mine eyes.

I read through sight, through odour, touch, and taste,
While the mind grew by all its thought embraced.

We know not who, or what, or whence we are:
We have survived the knowledge of the soul.
Knew men its secret, they methinks would mar,
Urging its chariot farther from the goal.
The ape in broadcloth, wise but in conceit,
Has taste alone for dust, the serpent's meat.

As in the calyx of a wondrous flower,
I saw the Genius of our Planet sleep;
The vase her globe, the fragrances her dower.
Morn beamed upon the bosom of its deep,
And azure space beheld her frame display
Its loveliness; she smiled,—that smile was day.

The poet-woman beamed above the flood;
But now, caught up into a snow-white robe,
The sun for strength, the moon for beauty stood,
Lights in God's mind, each rounded as a globe;
And father light and mother light alway
Her bosom fed;—this was another day.

But when the vase o'erbrimmed with sacred nectar,
A sunken chaos, like a planet lost,

Snatched at the flood; Elohim, to protect her,
The swords of sun and moon, down-pointing, crossed.
Through either blade, in red-white lightning play,
Shot the sparred crystals;—lo, another day!

Then in her eyes opened the starry spaces;
For God inspired the woman, and she knew
Her kindred genii, clasped in whose embraces,
From many a sun, power, splendor, grace, she drew;
And wove a pleiad crown, for buds of May,
Round her broad temples;—'twas another day.

Within the ocean of her quiet brain,
As moving forms that cleave the waters blue,
Empires of truth and power, that yet shall gain
World-heritage in man's experience new,
Swept from full-thoughted heaven—she felt the play
Of the great future;—lo, another day!

Then pausing silently, with argent wings
Down-dropped, she looked into Love's face and smiled.
Clothed as the dryad tree, the woven rings
Of Nature veiled with grace her spirit mild.
The Bridegroom Planet came, in garments gay,
To clasp her then;—this was another day.

Then, interclasped in the most pure diffusion
Of every element, the two-in-one
Saw man arise, immortal, from the fusion
Of their full hearts; his robe glad Nature spun.
God through the human soul, with perfect ray,
Shone, and 'twas finished;—lo, another day!

Ah, happy soul, bathing her blissful planet,
In sacred effluence of mother-bliss!
The first red bud of her divine pomegranate
Oped its young flower; 'twas paradise, I wis.
The splendours of imagination fail
E'en at the threshold of the mystic tale.

That mighty Hierophant, who bade me read,
Cried, "Listen." In a trance of sacred wonder,
I saw the spirit of our planet speed
Through the starred zodiac, while the measured thunder
Of her deep pulses shivered far through space;
The woe of a dead world was on her face.

Then with a sound more sweet than fainting flowers
Might hear, reviving to a deathless prime,
The Voice, that seemed to hold the perfect hours
Of that first paradise, in every chime,

While in its love lost morn again began,
Cried loud, "Within that planet, lo, the Man!"

I looked: the air, the fire and earth and ocean,
Were all encircled by one seamless robe.
In it a saint, transfigured in devotion?
Nay, 'twas the Spirit of the wondrous globe.
The silent loves within her being stood,
Angels of air, light, continent, and flood.

Wrought thus of forms unnumbered as her sands,
All worshipping immortals, she upbore
Fanes, altars, palaces, upon her hands;
Thrones, peoples, nations, on her bosom frore;
Thus, lifting up the misery of mankind,
In her own frame and all her loves enshrined.

It was a sight, methinks, the heart to pierce,
With death or sudden madness; in the seas
Of her full brain were pirate isles most fierce;
Her loins held lusts; her breast huge agonies;
And beamed, beneath the grey Decembral sky,
Treachery and unbelief from eye to eye.

I looked. Oh wondrous sight! Interpervading,
The living genii of air, flood, and fire,

All silently those human throngs invading,
Were heaping there one vast and solemn pyre;
While through the mass the swift and subtle heat
With flamy fingers wove a winding-sheet.

I looked again, and the God-man, descending,
The planet's frame pervaded to its feet;
And the Divine Humanity was blending
Infinite fire with that terrestrial heat.
He breathed; the planet's lungs were burst as graves;
A fiery deluge flowed them with its waves.

I looked once more. Ah, 'twas a time of mourning,
Such as had never been! Mankind was rent.
Society was to its dust returning.
The true and false, that social use had blent,
Fled from each other; looks had power to kill;
Men oped themselves, with heaven or hell to fill.

It came as fire comes to a household sleeping
At midnight; wonderful it was to mark
Flame-panthers, through the human bosom leaping.
Without one hour of twilight came the dark:
Thousands at morn woke blithe, at noon were gay,
By midnight poisoned air with foul decay.

I saw a thousand soldiers, in one sheaf
That War had gathered; one in ninety-nine.
Mourning earth's evils with a secret grief,
And pining inly for a life divine.
These kissed eternity; but darkly spread
Corruption, where their comrades met the dead.

Oh, it was pitiless, yet full of pity!
It was a stream of fire, that swept away
The poor, the rich, the gay, the wise, the witty;
Yet strangely spared the best and worst alway:
The men of half-belief, in good or ill,
Perished; the strong in either triumphed still.

The strongly base, wed to infernal fires,
Of lust and hate and madness most intense,
With corrugated breasts, that crime inspires,
Scorned then the weaklings' palsied impotence.
"By perfect love of self," they cried, "alone
We conquer death: self is the godhead's throne!"

To final issues tends the world apace:
The wheat and tares, that long together grow,
Must ripen with the fortunes of the race;
Nor either, till the reaping, be laid low.

Breathes the new man, filled by the Spirit's might?
On that new field, th' infernals dare the fight.

Self-love and martyr-love in this agree:
  Each seeks a boundless and supreme domain.
One only can the final victor be,
  Smiting its rival with consuming pain:
While each, through man, leaps in its coming force,
To ruin, or make whole, the universe.

Howe'er the scale of human fates may tremble,
  Though every power of heaven or hell assists,
Still in man's heart the warring mights assemble;
  Man is the champion; his earth the lists.
Comes the God-man? by martyr-love He fights.
Comes Lucifer? through love of self he smites.

'Tis moral force, not mere material power,
  That wings the battle to its awful end.
Through self-devoted men, sublime who tower,
  Falsely or truly, as the fiend or friend,
Draw nigh the combatants; the gage is thrown;
One must expire; one claim th' eternal throne.

Through states of heart the powers that combat enter,
  And either love arms man from head to heel.

The greately base, in self all strength who centre,
Knit up both soul and flesh like hammered steel.
One weak relenting bodes an overthrow ;
Palsied Infernus gives but half a blow.

" Choose ye, this day." With what stupendous meaning
The ancient message cleaves this air of doom !
Man journied long, but now is overleaning
The balustrade that hangs above the tomb.
" Choose ye to-day." The standards are unfurled ;
Self-love or martyr-love must win the world.

Poor coward of the heart, art smooth and civil
To good and ill by turns ? The tinted space,
Where men so long kept breath by courtly drivel,
Burns like yon forge where flames with flames embrace.
Whatever fortune turns the solid scale,
Choose well ; the driveller shall be first to fail.

Shed tears, who will, o'er those who weakly perish ;
Earth is no place for weaklings any more.
The friends we claim, the intimates we cherish,
Not they, 'tis bleeding Love, our hearts deplore.
For painted weeds weep not their pride laid low ;
O'er them God's Eden waits the time to grow.

Does beauty fail? beauty, God's life that smothers,
  Teaching the world basely to temporise.
'Tis well, God's martyr-love brings wives and mothers,
  Fit Eves to share the nobler paradise.
Friends pass, false friendship dies, yet live the band
With Shadrach, Meshach, in the fires who stand.

God's world is cumbered with the temporisers.
  The lean ears give the full scant space to grow.
The swords of lath, the painted waxen visors,
  Betray the right to many an overthrow.
Better a score of priests like Joshua now,
Than millions with but mitres on the brow.

Let Achan perish with the stolen shekel;
  True mourners mourn but for Love's work o'erthrown.
Come, dread Fire-Angel, with the "Mene, tekel,"
  Where'er Belshazzar trusts his towers of stone.
Though Christendom dies down to twenty score
Whole-hearted men, God shall by them restore.

Swift hastes the future that men's hearts invoke!
  I saw the Sun stand in the house of Day.
Doth sense from sight his fiery visage cloak?
  Lo, he rides forth, a warrior for the fray!

His wand, that leads the harmonies of space,
It rises, it becomes a battle mace!

Those beams hold powers to smite; the tiniest ray
Wears God's own image in a human form.
The rapid, sparkling atoms of the day,
Each as a soul, God's errand may perform.
Those fiery bees, that thrill from vein to vein,
Potent for pleasure, can be fierce for pain.

Earth is enmeshed within this shining net;
The woven rays shall at God's will unite.
They serve the tyrant, but shall chain him yet.
Ah, the great Fisher how shall He delight
O'er the world's beach to draw His quivering prey,
And claim the good, and cast the vile away!

Come forth, 'tis morn, the pleasant morn of May,
The happy bridals of the earth and sky.
There is an essence in the smallest ray,
Its light that kindled at All-father's eye.
Still, through those living atoms, Love looks forth:
In every sunbeam He is with the earth.

My brother, come, put off the robe of sleep;
Stand with me, by this flowing hawthorn-tree.

The lucid beams, through leaf and bloom that leap,
Now veil, but may reveal the Deity.
Put forth thy hand and pluck this fragrant vine.
What thrilled? what moved thee? 'Twas the touch Divine.

The form of Eden all about thee smiles:
The breath of Eden all about thee plays.
Nor God retires, but thine own heart beguiles.
Self-love shuts out the Father of the Days.
List! was that sound the south wind's airy tone?
He speaks, and martyr-love the Word makes known.

I see, for eyes that shall behold ere long.
I hear, for ears that claim their birthright soon.
Futurity I gather in a song;
For man, for Nature, thrice imperial boon.
Man shines, the hero; woman smiles, the grace;
Love's conquering harmonies absorb the race.

That Perfect Love, whence man derives new being,
By opposites bids every evil cease.
The base decays, 'tis by its own decreeing.
The faithful bosom breathes immortal peace.
The pure and impious by repulsion part;
Hate to its ashes, love to God's dear heart.

Softly preluding, Muse, O Muse, begin:
Voice of eternity, renew the strain.
Lift up thine ear, thine heart, and gather in
Healing from trouble and release from pain.
Haste, awful Muse, the mighty theme unbind;
The breath of God rejuvenates mankind.

One in a million thinks from inspiration;
And he all dimly tracks, through dubious light,
The secret paths where ancient Revelation
Gathered her multitudes from height to height.
The world of man's first thought is drowned and dead:
The Muse shall tell thee how that deluge spread.

All things in Nature radiate from centres;
The individual mind affects the race.
If by one soul an inspiration enters,
'Tis that the many may its light embrace.
Howe'er sublime the faith, however low,
Let one proclaim it, 'tis ordained to grow.

In the great Sun I saw a splendid mansion;
A thousand hearts were beating there as one.
Aerial gardens, rolled in vast expansion,
Their paradisal flowers above it spun;

But underneath, in shadow calm and cool,
I rested by a deep mysterious pool.

The waves that lapsed, with music in their motion,
Obeyed the gestures of the priestly hand:
They crystallized for the inspired emotion.
Methinks God fashioned thus the sea and land,
And holds them ever in a pure suspense.
Here I beheld our flood's great evidence.

A Man stood by the waters, and he cried,
"Gather yourselves in human form; ascend!"
Sudden that fountain rose, not as the tide,
Nor breakers rolling, nor as mists that blend
With storm and sunbeam; forth the waters trod,
All crystal-clad, like human thoughts of God.

Each held as 'twere a planet's flood suspended,
And one by one, unfurling wing-like beams,
The rolling vapour-clouds afar extended;
Then fell pellucid rains, a thousand streams
Woke leaping, thundering, while, from land to land,
The man, who ruled the waters, waved his hand.

"My God!" I cried; "and can such wonders be?"
At this the magic-worker turned his face,

And I beheld eyes that might rule the sea,
Or bind the billows to their frozen space.
He breathed, and summer balmed me in a zone,
Sweeter than tropic isles, with spices sown.

"This is the industry, to which I give
My happy days," with gentlest voice he said.
"The genii of the elements, that live
In many waters, haste with eager tread,
And give or gather as my breaths command;
Swayed by the motion of this wondrous wand."

With this he drew, as from his heart, a staff,
Winged with the emblems of divine dominion.
Where the white waves of the mind's ocean laugh,
Or bird-like clouds float on with dewy pinion,
The waters of the brain in peace recline,
Or move, swayed onward by that staff divine.

Not hate o'erswept, not evil wrought our race,
The ruin of its ancient overflow.
The floods of thought that sleep in love's embrace,
When love forsook the soul, were loosed below.
Truth quenched the world, that would not hold its light.
Truth ever slays, but when we serve the Right.

Truth, with a mounting deluge in the brain,
Comes to the thinker in his loneliness.
Ah, shall he utter, or repress the strain?
Counsel he takes of cautious worldliness;
And lo, the waves, that through his words would roll,
Repress, and overcome, and drown the soul!

'Twas so methinks of old the deluge came,
That swept away the glorious golden past.
Men would not ultimate the billowed flame
Of inspiration. Hark, the vengeful blast!
The floods within the mind, no more a joy,
A life, a beauty, roll but to destroy.

Oh, not by Love's default, or Truth's recession,
Lost man his primal gift of spirit-breath.
The floods, they multiplied in his possession;
He sought to bind them; their revenge was death.
Men sit and babble by Truth's awful shore;—
They rule the seas, they walk the waves no more.

Yet God comes by the inward rolling sea,
Not waves of thought alone, but waves of fire.
Thrice blessèd of Love's children shall they be,
Whose deeds embody all the flames inspire.

The fires within them rise, the waves unroll ;
They meet, they blend, they re-attune the soul.

Come, ye crowned spirits of the waters, come !
I claim your presence, and invoke your aid.
Stand still, beneath the crystal builded dome
Of man's new reason. Lo, its beams are laid
Upon your floods ! Gather in bright attire ;
Worship with me, upon this sea of fire.

For God's New Industry what chiefs victorious !
I saw a stately banner waving far,
What time, within the sun's dominion glorious,
The water spirits in sweet slumbers are ;
And still they sang, and, where they sang, the chief
Omniarch of labour loosened, from their sheaf,

The flying arrows of commands divine.
Then millions, moved as by a single will,
Bowed to sweet toil,—their faces wore benign
Tranquillity,—as, when the night is still,
Innumerable birds of passage part
The air, with wings moved as by one glad heart.

And aye the joy of their harmonious motion
Was like the rapture, through the breast that rolls,

When music rising o'er the silent ocean
  Of God's deep calm, proclaims the birth of souls;
Till, suddenly, a far, melodious bell
Summoned the genii, in the rock who dwell.

The hammer ceased its measured vibrant thunder.
  Myriads of motions in an instant ended.
All eye, all ear, I stood transfixed with wonder.
  Each simplest artisan I saw attended
By a strong genius, whom the heart might feel,
Though veiled as in the spray of molten steel.

Forth from the confines of the thrilling soil,
  The elemental shapes that rule therein,
Reward with joy those lordly sons of toil.
  All that men give for love, again they win.
The sap ascends to fill the faithful tree,
But Nature's life renews humanity.

Some through the heart,—was it the soul of blood,—
  A natural vigour of arterial force
Diffused, supplying to the nerves a food
  Mightier than powers through corn or wine that course.
Others pervaded, with a subtle rain
Of living ecstasy, the heart and brain.

Others, whose nerves as molten iron were glowing,
Within the hands and feet wrought strength, and some
Shot through the eyes electric power, soft flowing;
Then all began to sing, "Come, brothers, come;
Let us renew the day by swift delight,
For the rock-titans have renewed our might."

Then afterward, from a great temple, came
A Priestly Man, agèd I ween was he;
For every atom of his blood shot flame,
That robed him like the starred immensity;
And one might read a ripened soul august,
Waiting translation, hardly mixed with dust.

And one might hear the loves within his heart,
Communing with their Infinite Great Sire;
And one might feel impassioned flames upstart,
Burning toward Him from each deep-known desire;
And one might sense a fragrance where he trod,
Diffused as from a heart insphered in God.

"Hail to the Sun," he cried, "again, all hail!
Thrice I anoint thee;" then those priestly palms,
With touch exquisite met my forehead pale.
Ah, what nepenthe in those orient balms

Nature itself, as Nature clothes the sun,
Seemed giving through his hands her benison.

Then trebly blest was I; but in me rages
I felt, and mighty angers, and began,
"Ancient, thou hast grown ripe through many ages:
Thy zodiacal years my reason span.
I but a thing of yesterday." He smiled,
And said, "By all my years, I love thee, child.

"Thy hatreds, rages, are to me as pleasures.
There is a rage, a hatred, without wrong;
For the new soul uprises, and she measures
Herself against Oppression, and is strong.
I rouse thee, summon thee, by all I am.
'Vengeance is mine,' cried He men call 'the Lamb.

"Thou seest but in part the ghostly revel
Round thy torn globe, whose human children spin,
'Reft of true reason, till in one dread level,
They fall as faded leaves when frosts begin.
I see more clearly; learn to hate, with me;
From a full heart, Love's overflowing sea.

"This hatred is Love's shadow that it casts
This hatred, Love's antipathy to ill

This hatred, those victorious counterblasts
Fire-breathing from the Infinite Good Will,
That scatter the dire pestilence, shot forth
By deep Infernus, to invade the earth.

"Thou sawest how the sacred toilers wrought,
Then rested, each his nature to refill.
How long hath man, upon thy planet, sought
Elixirs to renew enfeebled will;
Then died, still seeking: till, in long despair,
Earth cries, 'True alchymists there never were'?

"The genii of the elements come not,
Obedient to the curious mortal's will;
Yet tenant they each hollow mountain grot,
Surcharged with energies the frame to fill.
God's cup holds other wine, of other force,
Than through the labouring grape has summer course

"Wouldst know why life, replenished, holds its way
Through centuries, as time is measured here?
The genii of the elements repay,
That bell shall wake soft music for thine ear,
And I will summon those dark gnomes of old,
Whose breath is fire-mist, and whose sweat is gold."

Then violet lights, and ruby, and carnation,
Wreathed his broad temples, and a girdle shone.
Clasping his robe with many a radiation,
Of sapphire, topaz, turquoise, beryl stone.
The sandals that he wore were jacinths bright,
Emerald, and onyx, and pure crysolite.

He led the way into a place thrice holy.
An awful man was this, bedight, for now
His natural substance was transfigured wholly,
And, in the beams upon his massive brow,
Flashed living thoughts; warm with such love they shone,
As if they lived lip-pressed before the throne.

With one slight motion of his hand upraised,
A faint vibration shook the bell above.
Solemn, he whispered then, "Let God be praised!
For thee awaits proof of our Father's love.
Thy mortal frame of life were dispossest,
But that the God-man consecrates thy breast."

Now from the smitten bell sped lightning flashes,
That gathered force and form, until they rose,
Like a red cone its cataract that dashes,
When subterranean lava overflows.

Far flamed the cataract, the solemn pyre
Lifting meanwhile as to the heaven a spire.

But when the last vibration died away,
That smitten air returned to clearest light,
While, beautiful as ruby-vested day,
Two genii held me clasped in one delight;
One flowing, billowed, as the summer sea;
The other firm, as summer earth might be.

From them slid myriads of soft emotions,
Warm as the sunbeams, gliding as the waves;
The refluent rise and swell of two great oceans,
Each giving, each imparting, all it craves;
Till both were mingled in one full repose.
I rested,—like a giant I uprose.

Meanwhile a firmness knit my nerves with power,
As if, within the soft and fluent space,
Each naked instinct wrought herself a tower
Of diamond rock, a robe of battle grace,
Flexile as air, but welded, by the hail
Of Titan blows, to adamantine mail.

And all the while I felt the magic play
Of tingling, thrilling, pulsing atmospheres,

First bearing shadow, then dispensing day;
It was a joy worth many martyr tears.
Palm within palm, lip within lip, I drew
The fire of life that makes all creatures new.

Refreshed, as one who in the tender bosom
Of Infinite Maternity has lain,
A withered plant gone back to its first blossom,
I woke, revived, within that solemn fane;
As if a pilgrim, slumbering with the sun,
Might rise, an angel, in his heaven begun.

Alas, and are mankind so highly gifted,
With other servants than poor mortals know;
While here we lie where the white snows have drifted,
From many an avalanche of winter woe?
To bridge the fatal chasm who shall dare?
Who build the life, to span the chaos there?

Who die so utterly to all beside
God and humanity, as to become
A form where that Prime Virtue may reside,
Who leads the industries of star and sun?
Who bide the touch that wakes the noontide bell;
And clasp the genii, in the rock who dwell?

But men of other stuff for this are needed,
Than those who Moses through the desert led;
Men who can live an age of wrongs unheeded,
Nor press for years the kind reposeful bed;
Fearless, unfaltering as the midnight still,
And pure as morn above you orient hill.

Theirs the true lamp and the unwasting oil!
The ploughshare they have left may turn to rust;
Another generation delve and toil
In the forgotten furrows; mix with dust
Perchance their children's children; slow decay
Efface the wrecks of the long-trodden way;

Ere they among their fellows reappear,
In other fashion than the ages know,
Surviving evil as the endless year.
Messiah God, these men Thy heralds go!
Against the strife of kings, th' infernal shock,
The Christ man standeth, firm upon his rock.

And thou, O poet, who in verse wouldst build
The harmonies that make an end of strife,
No more the century's brazen forehead gild,
With borrowed lustre; seek the perfect life.

Waste not the drops in time's fast ebbing pool;
Grow spirit-wise, though called "an idiot fool."

Learn to be true to thy divine vocation;
Thy bosom ope to Love's incoming fire;
Live, labour, sing, for man's regeneration;
Be dumb till God within thee strike the lyre.
Perchance 'tis thine to ope the Thebes of song,
The hundred gates, whence the rock-genii throng.

No strain of mine can check thee in thy course,
Poor, dizzy, wanton world; go on, go on!
Thy Beggar's Opera by night rehearse.
Upon my path full other light has shone,
And I pursue it, let what will attend.
God change, God save thee. Lo, the poem's end!

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